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A SELECTION

from the

LETTERS OF LEWIS CARROLL

(The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson)

to

HIS CHILD-FRIENDS

Together with
"EIGHT OR NINE WISE WORDS
ABOUT LETTER-WRITING"

Edited
with an Introduction and Notes
by
EVELYN M. HATCH

Facsimile Illustrations and 8 Collotype Plates

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LEWIS CARROLL

(Born Jan. 27, 1832.)

"There was a star danced, and under that was I born."

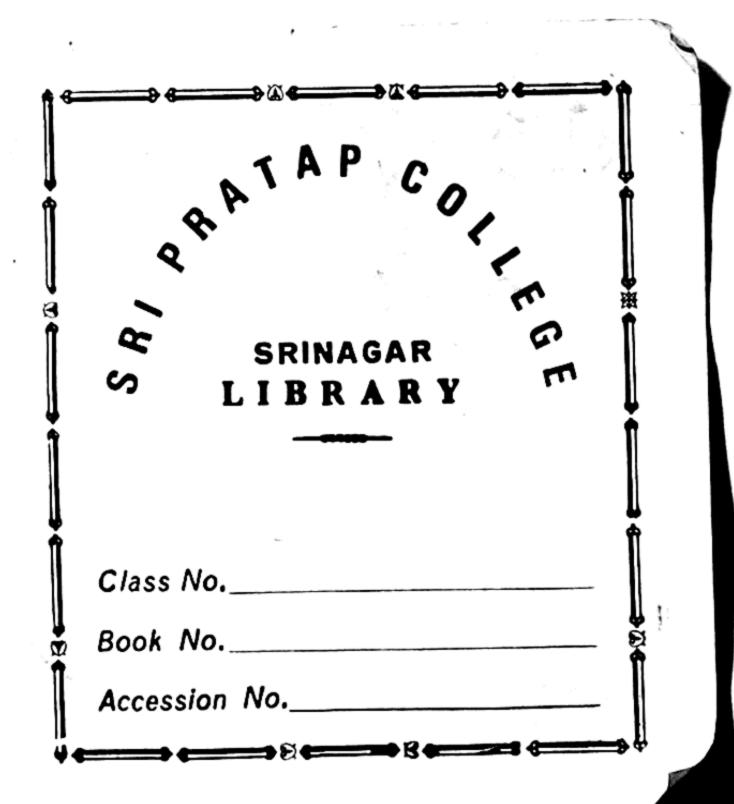
The star that danced at Carroll's birth
In high exuberance of mirth
Is dancing yet;
For Heaven sent gifts to earth that day
Which laughter-loving folk at play
Can ne'er forget.

Men bring their wealth, their art and lore
To furnish this world's varied store,
Yet cold and bare
Remains Life's heritage, until
Pure merriment is brought to fill
Some corner there.

But he whose happy gifts were sent
In sunshine gleams of merriment
Gave more than gold;
He set the tune for dancing feet,
And made the cup of joy more sweet
For young and old.

Jan. 27, 1932.

B. H.



PREFACE

My first thanks are due to Major Dodgson for permission to publish his uncle's letters and to reprint those which have been already included in *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* by S. D. Collingwood (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1899) and *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* (same publisher and date: reprinted in Collins' Wide World Library, May, 1913).

For the use of other letters which have appeared in print acknowledgments must be made to Miss Isa Bowman, author of The Story of Lewis Carroll; Mr. Langford Reed, author of The Life of Lewis Carroll; Mr. Falconer Madan, editor of The Lewis Carroll Centenary in London, 1932; Mr. Sidney Williams, owner and editor of Some Rare Carrolliana (printed for private circulation), who, in addition to much kind interest, has given me the privilege of having his valuable Picture-letter re-photographed for this volume; Mr. Stanley Galpin, formerly editor of The Dorset Handbook; and the editors of The Bookman's Journal, The Critic, The Strand Magazine, The Times Literary Supplement, and The Windsor Magazine. To anyone whose name has been inadvertently omitted I offer my apologies.

Some of the verses attached to letters are also to be found in *The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll*, published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1932, which forms a companion to this volume.

I beg to thank Mr. Douglas Cleverden, Mr. Francis Edwards, Messrs. Maggs Bros., and Mr. Hugh F. B. Sharp for supplying me with material from original letters in their possession; Messrs. Sotheby for useful information; and Mr. Walter T. Spencer for generously allowing me to choose from his valuable store of Lewis Carroll autographs.

It has been a privilege to receive copies of letters from the important collections in America, and I tender my warmest gratitude to Mrs. Flora V. Livingston, Curator of the Widener Collection, Harvard University; Mr. M. L. Parrish of Philadelphia, and Mr. J. Enrique Zanetti of Columbia University, New York City. I regret that those sent to me by Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson did not come within the scope of these Selections.

But my chief contributors have been the following "child-friends" and others whom I have to thank for the willingness with which they have placed longhoarded treasures-mostly hitherto unpublished-at my disposal: Miss Edith Argles, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Samuel Bickersteth, Miss Mary Brown, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. G. E. Buckle, Mrs. Arthur Butler, Mrs. Carr-Anderson, Miss Crosby, M.B.E., Mrs. Davies, Miss Menella and Miss Violet Dodgson, Mrs. Egerton, Mrs. Ffooks, Miss F. M. Forshall, Mrs. Frank Gielgud, Miss Beatrice and Miss Ethel Hatch, Mrs. Leonard Huxley, Mrs. Graham Keith, Miss M. C. Kerr, Miss Nellie Knight, Mrs. Mason, Miss Mabel Merriman, Miss Cicely Oxley, Mrs. A. F. Pollard, Mr. Austen and Miss Dorothy Lane Poole, The Lady Redesdale, Miss Marion Richards, Mrs. Shawyer, Mrs. Stretton, Mrs. Thicknesse, Lady Troup, Mrs.

Underhill, and Miss Dorothy Humphry Ward. I am specially indebted to Mrs. Graham Keith, who, besides allowing me to publish the letters to herself as "Agnes Hull," which had never before been out of her hands, has provided me with two valuable specimens of handwriting; to Mrs. G. E. Buckle (Beatrice Earle) for letting me have the Syzygies on her name and a characteristic letter reproduced in facsimile; to Mrs. Shawyer (Enid Stevens) for the letter in tiny script-writing; and to Mrs. Browne (Nelly Soelby) for lending me the original sketch of herself as a child on the sands at Eastbourne. The drawing of "Gertrude Chataway" on the same page is from one of Mr. Dodgson's sketch-books and is here shown through the kindness of his nieces, Miss Menella and Miss Violet Dodgson, whose friendly co-operation I have much appreciated.

The Miss Dodgsons have also supplied the portrait for the Frontispiece, which has been carefully chosen from among their collection of photographs as that which recalls Mr. Dodgson the most vividly to those who still remember him.

The group facing p. 20 was taken by Lewis Carroll himself by means of a string. It has already been reproduced in a different form in *George MacDonald and His Wife* by Greville MacDonald, M.D. (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1924). I have to thank Dr. MacDonald for letting me use it again, and his sister, Mrs. Brewer, for the loan of the original photograph. The letters to Mary and Lilia MacDonald were chosen from an interesting series most kindly lent to me by their sister, Lady Troup.

Besides contributing the two photographs of herself

as "Ella Monier-Williams," which are inserted as being typical of a "child-friend" of the late 'sixties, Mrs. Bickersteth has done me the favour of offering for reproduction the pen-and-ink sketch for Bruno's Revenge, made and given to her by Lewis Carroll. Mrs. Bickersteth informs me that the drawing was objected to by Harry Furniss as an illustration to Sylvie and Bruno on account of the introduction of a "human" figure into the picture, but a comparison of the sketch with the narrative of Bruno's Revenge will prove how closely it accords with every detail of the story.

The specimens of Lewis Carroll's photography, represented by the portraits of "Judy" Arnold, have been made available through the courtesy of Mrs. Leonard Huxley and Miss Dorothy Humphry Ward, and I have also to thank my sister, Miss Ethel Hatch, for enabling me to include one of his most successful

" fancy-dress " pictures.

Lewis Carroll's respect for the authority of parents and the good relations which he always maintained with them were so inseparable a part of his child-friendships that the addition of a few letters to fathers and mothers hardly needs explanation. Letter CLIII, to Coventry Patmore, which I have obtained through the courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Bros., although not actually addressed to a child, has been inserted in illustration of the writer's frequent efforts on behalf of his young friends.

Mr. Joseph Colegrove, the successor of Messrs. Emberlin & Co., Oxford, has kindly consented to the reprinting of the little booklet entitled *Eight or Nine Wise Words About Letter-Writing*, which is still obtain-

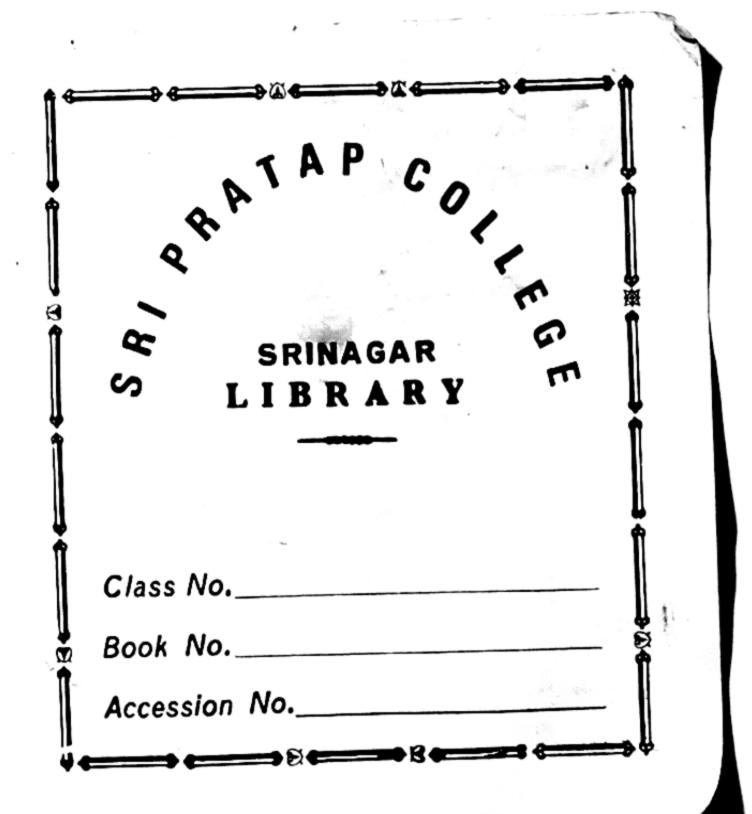
able at 15, The Broad, Oxford, in its original form, enclosed with *The Wonderland Stamp Case*, invented by Lewis Carroll.

To get together so large and widespread a collection of letters as that from which these Selections are taken would have been a much more difficult task had not the Centenary Exhibition, held by Messrs. J. and E. Bumpus, Ltd., at the Old Court House, 350, Oxford Street, in the summer of 1932, provided many useful sources of information, and I owe much to the encouraging help and advice of Mr. J. G. Wilson, as well as to the trouble taken for me by members of his staff, which rendered me great service in the initial stages of my undertaking.

Finally, I must pay a warm tribute of gratitude to Mr. Falconer Madan—joint-editor with Mr. Sidney H. Williams of that inexhaustible book of reference A Handbook of the Literature of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Oxford University Press, 1931)—whose kindness has been as unlimited as his information has been invaluable.

EVELYN M. HATCH.

London, July 1933.



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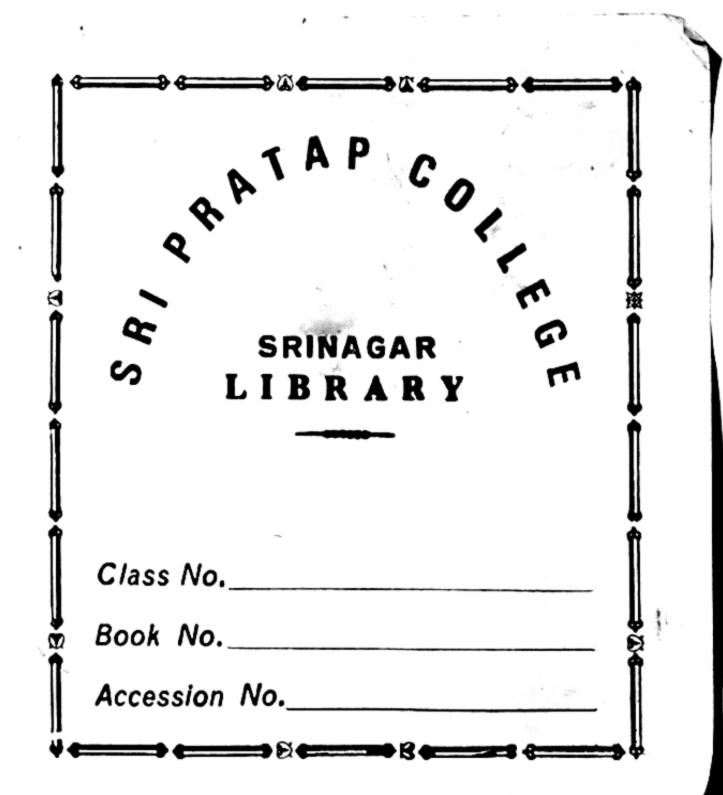
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INTRODUCTION

MR. DODGSON AND HIS CHILD-FRIENDSHIPS

The letters contained in the present volume cover a period of forty-three years, from 1855, when the writer was a young tutor at Oxford, to a short time before his death, in January 1898.

All through these years the even course of his private life remained unaffected by his fame as "Lewis Carroll." Carefully shielding his identity, he continued his work as a mathematician, with his head-quarters at Christ Church, and spent his vacations mainly at the seaside, paying periodical visits to his sisters at Guildford.

As time went on, his fondness for children became more and more of a hobby. He made friends with little girls wherever he went, and occasionally with their small brothers also—his professed dislike of little boys allowing for some exceptions—and the circle got wider and wider, until his child-friends could be numbered by the hundred. The secret of their fascination for him lay chiefly in the appeal which their fresh beauty made to his very keen artistic sense, and in the stimulus which their ready acceptance of anything new or strange gave to his powers of invention. Their naïve sayings, also, were a continual delight to him. His child-friends belonged to his leisure moments—for he was a most industrious

В

worker—and the very fact of their being associated with holidays and hours of recreation gave an additional gaiety to his enjoyment of their society. Here, too, were ample opportunities for carrying out his philosophy of life, that "the truest kind of happiness, the only kind that is really worth the having, is the happiness of making others happy too."

To his child-friends he was rarely known as "Lewis Carroll": they always called him "Mr. Dodgson." It is "Mr. Dodgson" who appears in these pages, a personality quite as unique and delightful as the author of Alice in Wonderland, whose very name recalls far-

away memories of happy days.

Among the several groups into which his friendships naturally fall, successive generations of Oxford children have the foremost place, although, as he lived in their midst, they were not his chief correspondents. First of them all came Alice Liddell, the original of his "dream-child." She and her sisters, the little daughters of the Dean of Christ Church—by whom, one hot summer's day when they all went for a picnic together up the river to Godstow, he was inspired to tell the tale of Alice's adventures underground—were the forerunners of many other young friends who belonged to the big family of which Oxford society was composed in his day.

Mr. Dodgson was very much a part of Oxford, and those who lived there in their childhood all share the same recollections of him. Any afternoon they might meet him, in St. Giles' or the Parks—a spare erect figure, clad in the black frock-coat with loosely-tied white cravat which was the dress of the clerical don of that time. He strode along with a swift, jerky

step peculiar to himself, his tall hat rather on the back of his head, and a whimsical smile hovering round his mouth: if alone, he always seemed to have pleasant thoughts, if with a companion, young or old, he was usually telling some amusing story. And a child on the opposite side of the road would be greeted by a wave of the hand, or thrown a kiss, and would go home delighted, with the news, "I met Mr. Dodgson!"

Perhaps the most vivid memories of the Oxford children are connected with the great experience of being photographed. How well they can remember climbing up the dark oak staircase leading out of Tom Quad to the studio on the top floor of his rooms. The smell of certain chemicals will still bring back a vision of the mysterious dark cupboard where he developed his plates, of the dressing-room where strange costumes had to be donned, and of the rather awe-inspiring ceremony of being posed, with fastidious care, as Turk, Chinaman, fisher-boy, or in a group with several others to form a picture. Boys as well as girls were invited to be photographed, but opinions were somewhat divided as to whether it were really a great treat. It meant much patience, for the photographer was always determined to get his picture "just right," and it must be owned that there is a certain expression of boredom on the faces of some of his young models, who remember that the studio was very hot, and that they used to get very tired of sitting still! Occasionally, as a reward, they were allowed to go out on to the flat roof above, and look at the view of the Oxford towers.

The letters written by Mr. Dodgson to the Oxford

children consisted usually of short notes, in purple ink, on a half-sheet of paper, enclosed in a small square envelope and containing an invitation to "a walk and tea and bread-and-butter" or "to dine with me—only two courses" (generally including the famous Christ Church meringues), or perhaps an even more delightful proposal for a day in London, with a visit to the Pantomime or to a theatre.

The walks with Mr. Dodgson bring back many pleasant associations. His favourite haunts were through the Parks and over the ferry to Marston fields, starred in early spring with celandines and daisies; round Christ Church Meadows or Magdalen Walks in May-time, when the trees were white and red with hawthorn, and buttercups were glowing in the sunshine; or further afield, into real country, through the quiet villages of the Hinckseys, before the gorse-covered slopes of Boar's Hill had been converted into suburbs of red brick. Walks were the special privilege of little-girl friends and he preferred to take only one at a time, considering "three the worst possible number for a party." During the walk he entertained his small guest with stories, riddles and jokes, and on their return to have "tea and breadand-butter" in the familiar big study with its oriel window overlooking St. Aldate's, there were many amusements in store. Besides the furry black bear that walked by itself when wound up, he would produce dolls and toys one by one from the spacious cupboard under the bookshelves, and when these grew stale they would have some music. There was the "orguinette," mentioned in his letters, which was played by turning a handle, and, best of all, some

fourteen or more musical-boxes, which entranced the listener with their tinkling, fairy-like tunes. As time went on, and the children grew older, games such as Lanrick, which was played on a chess-board, or word-puzzles, such as Syzygies, Misch Masch, and Doublets, took the place of toys.

With the same thoroughness and energy which he applied to everything which he undertook, Mr. Dodgson spared no pains as a host, and always made special efforts to overcome the shyness of a timid child—a feeling with which he had a secret sympathy. Yet a silent child-guest was a perplexity to him, and he was undoubtedly more at his ease with one who would chatter unrestrainedly. Spoilt or greedy children were anathema: he would have nothing to do with them.

Some of the Oxford children still retained his friendship after they were grown up, but many of them passed out of his sight. He complained in one of his letters that "usually a child becomes so entirely a different being as she grows into a woman, that our friendship has to change too; and that it usually does by sliding down from a loving intimacy into an acquaintance that merely consists of a smile and a bow when we meet." In certain cases even the smile and the bow became a thing of the past, but this may be accounted for by the refusal of some parents to allow their daughters to go to his rooms unchaperoned—a point on which he was very sensitive.

During the last period of his life, when he was busy with his books on Logic and was giving classes at the High School and at Lady Margaret and St. Hugh's Hall, he was inclined to choose his new acquaintance from among older girls, although, as he pointed out in

a letter to Mrs. Egerton (p. 230), he regarded them -and indeed treated them-as "child-friends still."

The present writer remembers how, on the first occasion of his coming to hold a Logic class at St. Hugh's, about a dozen students assembled solemnly in the library, armed with note-books and pencils, prepared to listen to a serious lecture on a difficult subject. To their surprise, and also somewhat to their dismay, Mr. Dodgson produced from his black bag twelve large white envelopes, each containing a card marked with a diagram, and a set of counters in two colours. These he dealt out to his audience. "Now," he said cheerfully, "I will teach you to play the game of Logic!" And then, when he proceeded to illustrate his explanations with examples, his pupils found that they were actually expected to laugh! But though such propositions as:

"Some new Cakes are nice"
"No new Cakes are nice"

" All new Cakes are nice"

and

"All teetotalers like sugar, No nightingale drinks wine,"

sounded rather like extracts from a child's readingbook, it was soon discovered that considerable intelligence, as well as much skill and attention were required to learn the game and work out a conclusion on the diagram. How patiently he bore with our stupidity! To him we were all still very young! In these days dinner-parties with "one young lady as guest" 1 became his favourite form of entertainment, and he

¹ To Edith Lucy, who once wanted to bring a friend with her, he wrote: "For once I will endure a superbinary party, if you and Miss Wright will be very harmonious, so as to be indistinguishable from an individual."

would spend the evening discussing Logic problems. playing games, or drawing on his fund of stories about the amusing sayings of children he had known.

In London Mr. Dodgson had many friends, and as a young man he belonged to the set of artists and writers whose names include those of George Mac-Donald, the Rossettis, Millais and Arthur Hughes. Wherever there were children he was a frequent visitor. Former friends, whose memories go back the farthest, can still recollect how he used to come and take them out to see the diorama and the divingbell at the Polytechnic; others, with a remembrance of more recent times, think of being called for to go with him to a picture-gallery or to a matinée at the theatre, especially to the Lyceum in the great days of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Children everywhere, when they were very small, took an intense delight in sitting on his knee or nestling in a group around him, while he told them some of his wonderful stories, illustrated by rapid sketches on the back of an envelope. Mr. Dodgson was no draughtsman, but at least he could make his figures full of expression in a few dramatic strokes—hair on end with fright, hands raised in horror, or faces broad with smiles. Every story had some unexpected and marvellous ending. There was the one which finished with the words: "My dear, you are a Perfect Goose!" and lo and behold, the drawing which had gone alongside the tale of a little man and woman who lived in a house with one window, by the side of a lake, and had been frightened by imaginary burglars, was turned upside down and there was a Perfect Goose! It was the way Mr. Dodgson told it, rather than the story

itself, which always gave the never-to-be-forgotten thrill.

It was a chance meeting with a little girl in London that he always affirmed had given him the idea for Through the Looking-Glass. He was staying with his uncle in Onslow Square, South Kensington. One day as he was walking up and down in the gardens at the back, watching a group of children who were playing on the lawn, he suddenly heard one of them called by her name, "Alice." At once he went up and spoke to her. "So you are another Alice," he said. "I am very fond of Alices." Then: "Will you come with me and see something which is rather puzzling?" He took them all into his house by the door that led into the gardens, and presented Alice with an orange. "Which hand are you holding that orange in?" he asked.

"My right hand," was the reply.
"Now," he said, "go and look at the little girl in the glass over there and tell me which hand she is holding the orange in."

Alice went obediently and stood in front of a tall mirror which hung across one corner of the room. Hesitating a moment before giving her answer:

"She is holding it in her left hand," she replied.

"How do you explain that?"

It was a difficult problem, and Alice again reflected before answering: then she made a venture:

"Supposing I was on the other side of the glass, wouldn't the orange still be in my right hand?"

Mr. Dodgson's laugh rang out with delight. "Well done, little Alice," said he, "it's the best answer I've had yet."

He told friends afterwards that Alice's reply had suggested the thought of a "looking-glass country" where everything would be reversed, and the result was the second "Lewis Carroll" masterpiece: Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There.

His little friend proved to be a distant connection of the Dodgson family. She was the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. H. C. Raikes, sometime Postmaster-General, and afterwards married Mr. A. Wilson Fox, C.B., and herself became an authoress. Her friendship with Mr. Dodgson lasted for many years.¹

Part of Mr. Dodgson's enjoyment of children came from the pleasure of watching them. For this reason he used to spend his summer vacations at the seaside, at one time at Whitby, later at Sandown in the Isle of Wight, and finally, for many years, at Eastbourne. There he loved to sit and look at the children playing on the sands. Sometimes he tried to sketch them,2 and he usually ended by enticing one of them to come and talk to him, but, with a true artist's sense of discrimination, he had his likes and dislikes and made his choice deliberately. As in the train, where he would while away the tedium of a long railway journey with every kind of distraction, he would bring a wirepuzzle out of his pocket, ask a riddle, tell a story, or teach some new game to his delighted listener. Of course he remained incognito, but would reveal himself at last as "Lewis Carroll" by sending one of his books with an inscription "from the author" to greet his new acquaintance on her return home.

² See illustration facing p. 107.

¹ I am indebted to Mrs. Wilson Fox for permission to give this story.—Ed.

thought of the shock of surprise that the opening of the parcel would bring gave him much amused satisfaction. Once, he asked a little girl at Eastbourne if she had ever read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and received the reply: "Yes, and I think it's the stupidest book I ever read!" (This was one of his favourite stories, told with his expressive smile.)

He had many friends among the residents at East-bourne, and during the latter part of his life he used to give Logic classes at some of the girls' schools there. Perhaps because it was vacation-time, he seems to have been more sociable at Eastbourne than in Oxford, where he refused all invitations, and at Mrs. Barber's school he would go to supper with the girls and mistresses and hold informal classes after. It was at Eastbourne, too, that, from about 1887 onwards, he would have children and girl-friends to stay with him.

Ellen Terry called Mr. Dodgson "a splendid theatre-goer," and her correspondence with him, published elsewhere, shows the interest which he always took in dramatic art. He knew all the Terrys-Kate, who became Mrs. Arthur Lewis and was always ready to welcome him and to let him bring a childfriend to her house on Campden Hill; Florence, who retired from the stage in 1882; and especially Ellen and Marion, for whose brilliant talents he had a great admiration. How many a gracious act of kindness can be attributed to the part of these two charming sisters, who were always ready to send a photograph or a bouquet of flowers or some other little attention to a child-friend brought to the theatre by Mr. Dodgson! Some of these incidents are described in his letters (see Letters CVI, CVIII, CXX). On one

occasion he wrote to Ellen Terry, saying that he had taken an enthusiastic "Beatrice" to see her as "Beatrice" in Much Ado About Nothing. Not long after, his young friend (Beatrice Hatch) received a photograph of the great actress in her part, inscribed: "To Beatrice-from Beatrice-Ellen Terry," and, underneath the signature, the quotation from Much Ado: "There was a star danced, and under that was I born." The Poem at the beginning of this volume, which applies the same words to Mr. Dodgson on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, links his memory to this souvenir of Ellen Terry.

Besides the Terrys, Mr. Dodgson was acquainted with several young actresses. He had known Violet and Irene Vanbrugh from their early childhood, as their father was a contemporary of his at Christ Church, and he often went behind the scenes and introduced himself to children whose acting had specially pleased him. Thus, as early as 1876, he made friends with Bert Coote and his sister Carrie, when they played in the pantomime of Goody-Two-Shoes, and with their sister Lizzie, and on another occasion with Vera Beringer, who had attracted him by her performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The dramatisation of his books brought him into close touch with the stage-world. Alice in Wonderland was first produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in December 1886, as an operetta, with Phæbe Carlo as heroine. Mr. Dodgson got to know all the performers and gave them each one of his books. Through the kindness of Mr. Walter Spencer, I am able to quote the letter which he wrote on this subject to the author

and producer, Mr. Savile Clarke:

"I want to give to every child (i.e. every boy and girl under 14) who has acted in this play, a book as a memento of the thing. . . . In the case of any child so young that he, or she, cannot yet read, perhaps the mother, or other guardian, will choose the book?"

The operetta, or "Musical Dream Play" as it was described in the programme, was again performed at the Royal Globe Theatre in December 1888, when Isa Bowman "made an even more refined and intelligent 'Alice,'" and Irene Vanbrugh took the respective parts of the Knave of Hearts and the White Queen.

His acquaintance with stage-children, whose lives were so different from those of any others he had known, brought a new interest into Mr. Dodgson's life. Phæbe Carlo was one of his first visitors at Eastbourne, and his intercourse with Isa Bowman and her sisters gave added zest and pleasure to his later years. He made friends with their friends and took a great interest in their home surroundings, finding in his intercourse with them numerous opportunities for those kind deeds which were the very essence of his being.

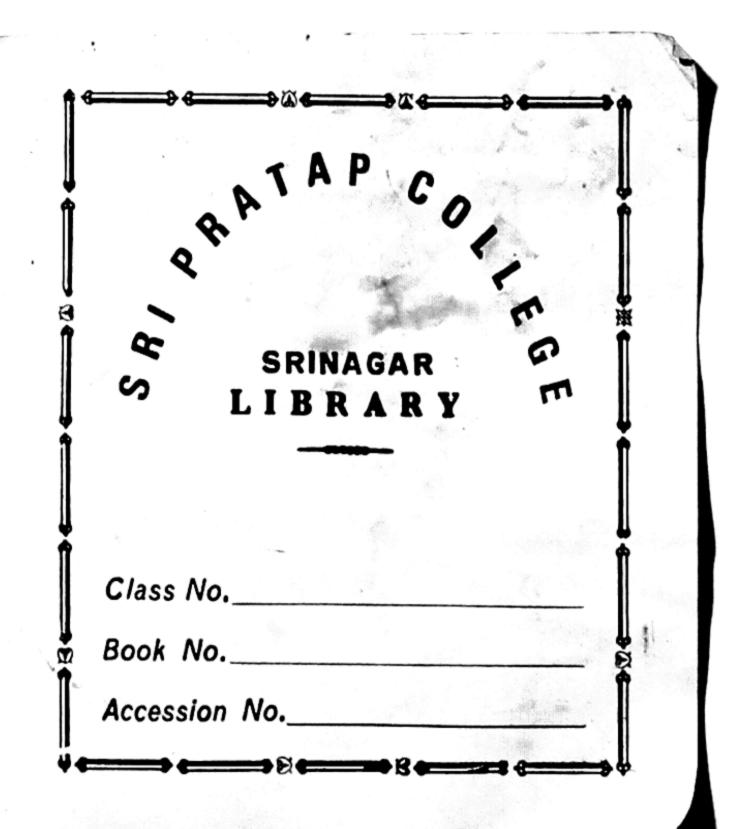
A collection of his letters serves to show the great variety in Mr. Dodgson's child-friendships, and his correspondents were not confined to any particular group or locality. He was, too, always conscious of the existence of those thousands of little admirers all over the world by whom he was known and venerated as "Lewis Carroll," and gave them a warm place in his affections.

To his letter-writing he applied the meticulous care and precision which were characteristic of all his undertakings: the handwriting is clear and legible

and the punctuation is always in the right place. The monogram "C. L. D." —so contrived that it could be written and intertwined without taking the pen from the paper—was an invention of his youth, and seems to have indicated a certain degree of friendliness when used as a signature.

He wrote to children as he would talk to them—to the very young ones in simple language, to those over ten with the assumption that they would understand his jokes and not take his teasing too seriously. If "Lewis Carroll" often appears, especially in the earlier letters, it must be remembered that he and "Mr. Dodgson" were one and the same person, and that it was in his relations with child-friends that the creator of the immortal "Alice" gave the most complete revelation of himself.

¹ See facsimiles, p. 62 and p. 113.



PART I

1855-1870

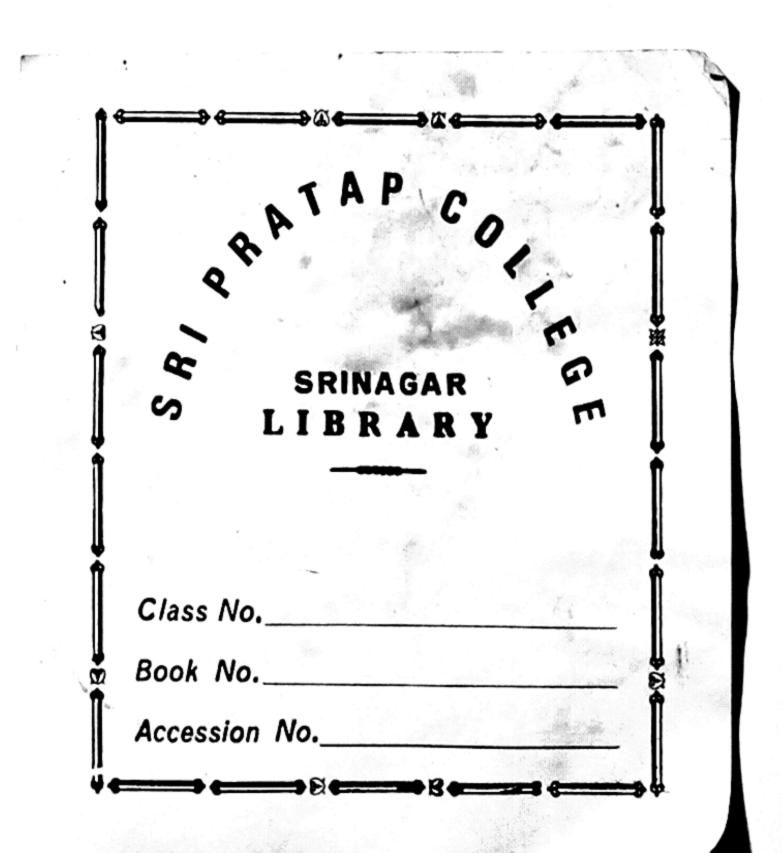
PUBLICATIONS:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. 1865, 1866.

Castle Croquet. 1866.

Bruno's Revenge. 1867 (in Aunt Judy's Magazine for December).

Phantasmagoria. 1869.



LETTER I

TO HENRIETTA AND EDWIN DODGSON

(Written to his younger brother and sister, at the age of twenty-three, soon after he had been made a Senior Student (i.e. Fellow) of Christ Church, Oxford, and had begun his work there as Mathematical Tutor and Lecturer.)

Ch. Ch. Jan. 31st, 1855.

My DEAR HENRIETTA, My DEAR EDWIN,

I am very much obliged by your nice little gift—it was much better than a cane would have been—I have got it on my watch-chain, but the Dean has not yet remarked it.

My one pupil has begun his work with me, and I will give you a description how the lecture is conducted. It is the most important point, you know, that the tutor should be *dignified* and at a distance from the pupil, and that the pupil should be as much as possible *degraded*.

Otherwise, you know, they are not humble enough.

So I sit at the further end of the room; outside the door (which is shut) sits the scout; outside the outer door (also shut) sits the sub-scout; half-way down-stairs sits the sub-sub-scout; and down in the yard sits the pupil.

The questions are shouted from one to the other,

and the answers come back in the same way—it is rather confusing till you are well used to it. The lecture goes on something like this:

Tutor. What is twice three?

Scout. What's a rice-tree?

Sub-Scout. When is ice free?

Sub-sub-Scout. What's a nice fee?

Pupil (timidly). Half a guinea!

Sub-sub-Scout. Can't forge any!

Sub-Scout. Ho for Jinny!

Scout. Don't be a ninny!

Tutor (looks offended, but tries another question).

Divide a hundred by twelve!

Scout. Provide wonderful bells!

Sub-Scout. Go ride under it yourself.

Sub-sub-Scout. Deride the dunderheaded elf!

Pupil (surprised). Who do you mean?

Sub-sub-Scout. Doings between!

Sub-Scout. Blue is the screen!

Scout. Soup-tureen!

And so the lecture proceeds.

Such is Life.

from

Your most affect. brother Charles L. Dodgson.

LETTERS II-XVIII

TO MARY AND LILIA MACDONALD

THE children of George MacDonald, poet, preacher, novelist and writer of fairy-stories, have an important place among the friends of Lewis Carroll, for it was

due to their verdict on Alice's Adventures Underground that Alice in Wonderland became known to the world. When he was considering the question of publishing the manuscript, he brought it to their mother and asked her to try it on the children. So the story was read to them by her and met with an enthusiastic reception, Greville, aged about eight, setting the seal to the general approval by declaring that there ought to be sixty thousand volumes of the book.

Greville and his sister Mary were the first children of the MacDonald family with whom Mr. Dodgson made friends. He met them at the house of Mr. Munro, the sculptor, one day in the year 1860, when Greville, aged four, was posing as a model of "A Boy riding on a Dolphin," for the fountain in Hyde Park. Mr. Dodgson has described in his Diary how he thawed the children's shyness by proposing that Greville should have a marble head, which need not be brushed nor combed, and tells how they all had an animated discussion on the subject. He concludes: "His (the boy's) final argument was that a marble head couldn't speak, and as I couldn't convince either that he would be all the better for that, I gave in." He afterwards drew a picture of Greville in his kilt, with the marble head in his hands, and Mr. Munro, hair and beard standing on end with fright, rushing away in terror.1

Lewis Carroll already knew Mr. MacDonald and he now became "Uncle" to all the children, earning their lasting gratitude for the delight of his stories. The photograph here given shows him as a young

Reproduced, facing p. 16, in Dr. Greville MacDonald's Reminiscences of a Specialist. (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1932.)

man—he was then thirty—lying on the lawn of their grandfather's garden, with Greville and Mary on his right, and their sisters, Irene and Grace, on his left.¹

The letters to Lilia and Mary, the two eldest girls, are addressed to Earl's Terrace, Kensington, and after 1867 to "The Retreat," an old house overlooking the river at Hammersmith. In those days he preferred children who had not yet reached their teens, and Mary, the younger, seems to have been his most favoured correspondent. She was a dark-haired, sprightly little girl, who at an early age had been called "Elfie" when she was good and "Kelpie" when she was naughty. Her father wrote poems to "Elfie" and also spoke of her as "my blackbird" on account of her beautiful voice. In one of Mr. Dodgson's photographs, taken when she was about twelve years old, she has a thoughtful, intelligent face which looks as if it would readily light up in appreciation of his jokes. She was fond of athletic exercises, and Wilfred Dodgson, Lewis Carroll's brother, taught her to box and found her so agile that he gave her the name of "The Kensington Chicken." After she was grown up, she was painted by Arthur Hughes (to whose nephew she became engaged), seated at a piano, playing in accompaniment to her brother's violin.2

Mr. Dodgson's letter of congratulation refers to her happy engagement to Edward Hughes, afterwards well known as a water-colour painter. But Mary was never married. Soon after her engagement she had an attack of scarlet-fever which proved a prelude

1 See Preface, p. ix.

² See reproduction in Reminiscences of a Specialist, facing p. 48.

to lingering consumption, and at the end of nearly four years, in spite of her zest in life, she died at Nervi, in Italy, on April 27, 1878, at the age of twenty-four.

Lilia was the eldest of the family of eleven and "a little mother to them all." "My white lily" her father called her. At the time when the letters here given begin she was already fifteen and therefore old enough to be teased about her age. She had early shown signs of great dramatic talent which had its outlet in the theatrical entertainments given at "The Retreat," where a coach-house had been transformed into a theatre. Her favourite rôle was that of Lady Macbeth, but some years later she distinguished herself particularly as "Christiana" in her mother's adaptation of The Pilgrim's Progress. The MacDonalds' theatricals had their own unique attraction, and after some years of private performances for the benefit of their friends, they began to give them in public, with great success, both in England and at Bordighera, which, after Mary's death, had become their home. Mr. Dodgson, who was always interested in acting, introduced Lilia to Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry) of Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, for whom she had an undying admiration. Mrs. Lewis gave her much help and encouragement, but dissuaded her parents from allowing her to take up the stage as a profession. Lilia, like her sister, died of consumption in Italy in 1891.

LETTER II

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Oxford May 23. 1864.

My DEAR CHILD,

It's been so frightfully hot here that I've been almost too weak to hold a pen, and even if I had been able, there was no ink—it had all evaporated into a cloud of black steam, and in that state it has been floating about the room, inking the walls and ceiling till they're hardly fit to be seen: to-day it is cooler, and a little has come back into the ink-bottle in the form of black snow—there will soon be enough for me to write and order those photographs your Mamma wants.

This hot weather makes me very sad and sulky: hardly keep my temper sometimes. For instance, just now the Bishop of Oxford came to see me—it was a civil thing to do, and he meant no harm, poor man: but I was so provoked at his coming in that I threw a book at his head, which I am afraid hurt him a good deal-(Mem: this isn't quite trueso you needn't believe it-Don't be in such a hurry to believe next time-I'll tell you why-If you set to work to believe everything, you will tire out the muscles of your mind, and then you'll be so weak you won't be able to believe the simplest true things. Only last week a friend of mine set to work to believe Jack-the-giant-killer. He managed to do it, but he was so exhausted by it that when I told him it was raining (which was true) he couldn't believe it, but

directing-I directed the letters so violently at first, that they went far beyond the mark—some of them were picked up at the other end of Russia. Last week I made a very near shot, and actually succeeded in putting "Earl's Terrace, Kensington," only I overdid the number, and put 12000, instead of 12. If you enquire for the letter at No 12000, I daresay they'll give it you. After that, I fell into a feeble state of health, and directed the letters so gently that one of them only reached the other side of the room. It's lying by the side of the window now, isn't it, Sambo? "Iss, Massa, him went almost fru de window." You would think from that, that my servant is a nigger, but he isn't-only I admire the niggers so much that I've taught him to speak broken English, and I call him Sambo (his real name is John Jones) and every morning I do his face with the blacking-brush. He says he likes talking the broken English, but he doesn't like having his face blacked that's very fanciful, I tell him.

I mean to come to town for a few days before Xmas, and will call for five minutes or so, some afternoon. Do your Papa and Mamma know Miss Jean Ingelow? 1 I see she lives in Kensington.

Your loving friend C. L. Dodgson.

Poetess and novelist, 1820-1897.

LETTER V

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Oxford Jan. 22. 1866.

My DEAR MARY,

I am very glad you like the new copy of "Alice's Adventures," and I should like very much to come and see you all again, and "Snowdrop," if I could find the time, which I can't at present. But, by the bye, it's your turn to come and see me now. I'm sure I called last. My room is very easy to find when you get here, and as for distance, you know—why, Oxford is as near to London as London is to Oxford. If your geography-book doesn't tell you that, it must be a wretched affair, and you'd better get another.

Now I want to know what you mean by calling yourself "naughty" for not having written sooner! Naughty, indeed! Stuff and nonsense! Do you think I'd call myself naughty, if I hadn't written to you, say for 50 years? Not a bit! I'd just begin as usual "My dear Mary, 50 years ago, you asked me what to do for your kitten, as it had a tooth-ache, and I have just remembered to write about it. Perhaps the tooth-ache has gone off by this time—if not, wash it carefully in hasty-pudding, and give it 4 pincushions boiled in sealing-wax, and just dip the end of its tail in hot coffee. This remedy has never been known to fail." There! That's the proper way to write!——

I want you to tell me the surname of those cousins

of yours (I think they were) that I met one evening at your house. Mary and May were their Christian names. Also please tell your Papa I have read Alec Forbes,¹ and am delighted with it, and I very much want to meet Annie Anderson in real life. Where does she live?

With kindest regards to your Papa and Mamma, and best love to your brothers and sisters, I remain Your loving friend

CHARLES L. DODGSON.,

LETTER VI

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Oxford Nov. 30. 1867.

My DEAR MARY,

It is so long since I've seen you that I'm half afraid you may have taken the opportunity to "grow up," and that you'll turn up your nose at my letter and cry "a nice impertinent composition." Affectionate uncle indeed! Affectionate fiddle stick! I'll just answer him in the third person! "Miss M. MacDonald presents her compliments, and is surprised &c. &c."

I am sending you the new number of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," to put away with your copy of "Alice," because it contains a story by the same writer. So, with kind regards to your Papa and Mamma, and

Alec Forbes of Howglen, by George MacDonald. (Hurst and Blackett, 1865.)

² "Bruno's Revenge," by Lewis Carroll, published in Aunt Judy's Magazine (No. 20) for Dec. 1867: later reproduced as part of Sylvie and Bruno (1889), of which it formed the nucleus.

love to any brothers and sisters you may happen to have,

I remain,

your affectionate uncle, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER VII

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Jan. 26. 1869.

My DEAR MARY,

Are you learning, or going to learn, German? If so, let me know, and you shall have "Alice" in that abstruse tongue.

With kindest regards to your parents, and love to all whom it may concern,

I am yours afftly C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER VIII

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. March 13. 1869.

Well, you are a cool young lady indeed! After keeping me all these weeks waiting for an answer, you quietly write on another subject, just as if nothing had happened! I wrote, or have written—(observe, Madam, that I put it in the preterite or past tense: it isn't likely I ever shall write again about it) on the 26th of January last, offering you a copy of the German edition of "Alice." (Well, the days rolled on—and

¹ The German translation of Alice was first brought out, under the title "Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland," in 1869.

the nights too (as nearly as I can remember, one between every two days or thereabouts), and no answer came. And the weeks rolled on, and the months too, and I got older, and thinner, and sadder, and still NO ANSWER came. And then my friends said how white my hair was getting, and that I was all skin and bone, and other pleasant remarks—and—but I won't go on, it is too dreadful to relate, except that through all these years and years of waiting and anxiety (all of which have elapsed since the 26th of January last—you see, we live so fast at Oxford) still NO ANSWER ever came from this granite-hearted

young person! And then she calmly writes and says "oh, do come and see the race!" And I answer with a groan "I do see the race—the human race—it is a race full of ingratitude—and of all that race none is more ungratefuller, more worser-more-my pen chokes, and I can say no more!)

P.S.—I'm afraid I shan't be in town—else I should be glad to come, if only to have the opportunity of

saying "Monster of ingratitude! Avaunt!"

LETTER IX

TO MARY MACDONALD

Christ Church Oxford Ap. 23. 1869.

My DEAR MARY,

I have been putting off writing from day to day, in hopes of finding some real leisure, but there

1 The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which could be seen from the MacDonalds' house by the river-"The Retreat," Hammersmith.

seems to be no use in waiting, so I'll send a line tonight, at any rate. It was very cruel of me to write such a savage letter, and never to take any notice of your letters afterwards—to be sure, I did send some book or other (some foreign language, I think), but a book doesn't count as a letter, you know. However, I daresay you weren't much offended by my savagery, after all.

I wish I could find time to come and see you all again—but somehow there is no time just now to be had, for love or money. I don't see how I'm to get to London even, till June—and perhaps you'll all be gone into the country by then.

Tell Lily I've not forgotten about Mrs. Lewis, and when I come to town ————— (But tell her not to repeat it, as it might make mischief.) My love to her and all of you (or at least to any of you that will accept it) from

Your ever affte C. L. D.

LETTER X

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. May 11/72

My DEAR MARY,

I ought to have answered your letter long long ago. I hope this will get forwarded to you safely, as I suppose you are at Liverpool now: but you give no further address, and I am afraid "Miss M. MacDonald, Liverpool" might miss you, as I believe it is rather a large place.

Please let your Papa and Mamma know that I shall

be here till about the middle of June (very likely till July) and shall be very glad to see them, if they can come. As to your coming with them—well—ahem! I'd try to put up with it as well as I could: but I must confess it would be rather an infliction! (This is in confidence.)

I am glad your acting at Hastings was a success. Did you see anything of my friends the Watsons? Mrs. Watson is very nice and so are the girls, I think particularly Mary—which is singular, as one always finds people of that name are—oh, I beg your pardon, let us change the subject. My photographing studio on the top of my rooms is finished now, and I am taking pictures almost every day. If you come, bring your best theatrical "get up," and I'll do you a splendid picture.

Love to Lily. (The *proper* message is "My kind regards to Miss MacDonald")—(Moral) "Never neglect etiquette"——

Yours ever afftly

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XI

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. July 12/72

My DEAR MARY,

I hope to bring 2 or 3 sisters on Thursday. Hope you are asking Mrs. Lewis for that day also, as she can't come on Saturday. Her suggestions

¹ For Harriet, Mary and Ina Watson see p. 112.

would be almost as valuable as mine! Hope you found your way home.

Ever your affte friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XII

TO MARY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Feb. 6/73

My DEAR MARY,

Love to Lily, and very best wishes for her happiness on attaining the age of 21—a very young age, as it seems to me. Why, last year I was double her age! And once I was three times her age, but when that was, I leave you to find out. It will be a nice arithmetical puzzle for those who like such things.

Also love to all,

Yours ever afftly C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XIII

TO MARY MACDONALD

King's Head Hotel Sandown Isle of Wight. June 26, 1874.

My dear Mary,

I haven't had such a pleasant piece of news for a long time as what Mrs. MacDonald tells me of your happiness, both present and future—though it is hard

Her engagement to Edward Hughes, the water-colour painter, nephew of Arthur Hughes.

to believe that the little Mary, whom I first saw (it seems a week or two ago) in Mrs. Munro's drawing-room, with her almost-baby-brother Greville, has grown up to the age and dignity of an engaged young lady. I congratulate you on it with all my heart.

They say that, when people marry, they generally find it best to drop all their former friends, and begin again with a new set. Is it a universal rule, I wonder? And does it include very old friends, as well as new ones? If so, I mustn't grumble at my fate, but quietly retire into your list of "bowing acquaintances." If not, then I hope our friendship will continue for a dozen (or more) years to come what it has been for a dozen years past; and in any case that you may be really and truly happy in your marriage and in all your future life is the hope and the prayer of your loving Uncle

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XIV

TO LILY MACDONALD

The Residence Ripon. Jan. 5. 1867.

MY DEAR LILY,

I have ordered a little book "The Fountain of Youth" to be sent to you as a New Year's gift, and hope this note may reach you in time to warn you of its coming, that it may not be too great a shock for your nerves. The book is intended for you to look

Lily's age was fifteen.

at the outside, and then to put it away in the book-case: the *inside* is not meant to be read. The book has got a moral—so I need hardly say it is *not* by Lewis Carroll.

The moral is, that if ladies will insist on being considered as children, long after their hair has begun to get gray and their faces to be covered with wrinkles (I know a family in Kensington where the eldest daughter does this—and she is nearly 57!) they will end at last in being hermitesses, and building 50 small crosses up the side of a hill—— However, never mind the moral. I hope you will be a child still when I see you next.

There are two reasons for not sending love to your brothers and sisters—one is, they will keep sending it back to me; as if they didn't value it a bit: the other is, it will lose all its warmth on the way this bitter weather. The trees look so lovely about here—as if you had taken the summer woods and frozen all the green out of them: it quite looks like Fairy Land.

With love to all you young ones, I remain your affectionate "Uncle"

C. L. Dodgson.

I hope you will succeed in getting to the Pantomime to-day. Thank your Mamma for her letter which came this morning. My sisters send their kind regards to your Mamma, and best New Year's wishes for you all.

LETTER XV

TO LILY MACDONALD

The Chestnuts
Guildford
Ap. 3. 1870.

MY DEAR LILY,

As to your all having grown so old that I no longer care for you, a difficulty occurs to me: can you leave off caring for people before you have begun? There's a nice, civil, complimentary speech for you! N.B. I've been having lessons in manners lately. I don't think the man is a really good teacher, and his own manners are very bad, but the lessons are so cheap (only 6d. an hour) that I was tempted to try-Many thanks, in my own name and that of all my sisters here, for your wishing us to come for the race. I don't think we shall come over for that, but I really hope before long to find an opportunity of calling and perhaps bringing a sister or two as well. I have hardly been in London at all for a long time. The last time was about 3 weeks ago (except going through the other day) when I went on a mixture of business and pleasure—first I had a long talk with my artist, Mr. Tenniel, on business-and then went for dinner to some friends of the name of Lewis-I wonder if you ever heard of them? they seem rather nice people. I went there Saturday afternoon, and left for Ch. Ch. again on Sunday afternoon. They have two children, Kate 1 and Janet, aged, one 2 years, the other a few months. I can't say they have much beauty yet: that is all in the future.

¹ Kate Terry Lewis, afterwards Mrs. Frank Gielgud. See Letters CXXV, CXXVI.

Give my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Donald, and to the others such fragments as yet remain of what was once a sort of regard, but has long long faded away!

Your affectionate Uncle (by the way, I'm a real

Uncle now-so no more of your shams for me!)

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XVI

TO LILY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. May 12 1870.

My DEAR LILY,

I am rather afraid my letter to your father may have read as if I meant to say "Pray don't bring more than one daughter"; so this is to explain that the more he brings, the more welcome he will be—Even such a little one as Mary 1 might enjoy some things in Oxford, you know—such as the toy-shop and the confectioner's, for instance.

Tell me when next you are going to a garden-party

at Moray Lodge,2 and I will try and go too.

your affte uncle

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XVII

TO LILY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Dec. 23/1870.

Why won't people send enough information at once,

¹ Mary was now nearly seventeen. ² The home of Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Kate Terry) on Campden Hill.

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instead of giving one the trouble of writing letter after letter!

(The above is a stage "aside.")

My DEAR LILY,

You have unfortunately omitted to tell me what photographs the youngest four chose. Also, before I can send any, I must know, in each case, whether "cabinet" or "carte" is wished for, and whether "plain" or "vignette."

Thus there are 33 points yet to be cleared up—any information on these points will greatly oblige your affectionate friend.

The Terry group turned out pretty well—you shall see it some day. We hope to get "Through the Looking Glass" out by Easter—but I can't say I'm sanguine about it.¹

I leave here to morrow for the Chestnuts, Guildford, till about Jan. 15. Love to all. Yours afftly C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XVIII

TO LILY MACDONALD

Ch. Ch. Oxford June 12./79

MY DEAR LILY,

I have been living for a very long time in the belief that you were all in Italy, and only learned the fact of your being in England, a few days ago, from

¹ Through the Looking-Glass was first issued in December 1871, but the date on the title-page is 1872. See Mr. Williams' Essay in the Lewis Carroll Handbook, p. 236.

Miss Willets, step-daughter of Prof. Legge (our Chinese Professor).

Please send me a line (to "The Chestnuts, Guildford") to tell me how you all are, and specially Mrs. MacDonald, who was too ill to see me when I called (it seems a long time ago now) at the house in Hammersmith, and saw only Greville and Winnie.

I was much interested in hearing from Miss W. about your dramatic entertainments, and sincerely hope they have been successful from a money point of view, and also that I may find an opportunity of witnessing one. I expect to be in and out of London during next week, and I hope to find time to come and see you all again and renew our ancient friendship. I wonder if you know that Miss Ellen Terry (that was-she is now Mrs. Wardell, or, to use her theatrical alias, Mrs. Charles Kelly) is a near neighbour of yours-being at No. 33, Longridge Road? It is many years since I last met her, and I think when I come to see you I shall take the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with her also. Have you seen anything of Mrs. Arthur Lewis since that far-off time when she first called on you, and you wrote me an ecstatic account of the meeting?---

Here the question occurred to me "Now, how old is this young lady to whom I am writing so familiarly?" and I have referred to some memoranda of your birthdays to ascertain. I am thunderstruck—but, nevertheless, I shall not go back to the beginning of this letter, and insert "Miss" before "Lily"—don't think it!

¹ Her age was now twenty-seven.

Please give my love to your sisters, and my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald and the rest of your party, and believe me

affectionately yours, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XIX

TO DYMPHNA ELLIS

Envelope to:

Miss Dymphna Ellis, Cranbourne Rectory, Windsor.

(Mr. Dodgson had taken a photograph of Dymphna and her sisters Mary and Bertha, with bare feet, as beggar-children.)

Darlington. 3rd August, 1865.

My DEAR DYMPHNA,

The photograph-album arrived safe, autographs and all—only the Railway people (who had carefully read it) said that your signature made the book "above £10 in value" and that it "ought to have been registered." I told the clerk that was nonsense, and that down at Cranbourne your signature wasn't thought worth 2d., but he shook his head gravely, and said "he knew better than that."

By the bye, when I asked you for a list of your Christian names, I meant the names in full, and you have given me a most tantalizing lot of initials, which puzzle me so that I can hardly sleep at night. For

instance, what is "F" before "Dymphna"? Is it Fatima, Fenella, or Feodora? or is it (I hardly dare hope for so beautiful a name) Foscofornia?

I am so sorry to have made you dull by going away! It is quite clear now that I ought never to have come. However, ours was an awfully sudden friendship, and I daresay you will forget me again just as suddenly. So cheer up. You'll have to wait a week or so for the photographs, I'm afraid. With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and love to the unfortunate little beggar-children (how are their poor feet?) I remain yours very afftely

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XX

TO DYMPHNA ELLIS

(In very minute handwriting.)

Dec. 2. 1867.

DEAR MISS DYMPHNA,

As Mr. Dodgson has asked me to write for him, I send you a few lines to say that he has sent you a copy of Aunt Judy's Magazine, that you may read a little story he has written about Bruno and me. Dear Miss Dymphna, if you will come down into our wood, I shall be very glad to see you, and I will show you the beautiful garden Bruno made for me.

Your affectionate little fairy friend

"SYLVIE."

LETTERS XXI—XXIII

TO MARGARET CUNNYNGHAME (THE LATE MRS. PORTER)

In order to puzzle its reader, Letter XXI was written as if in prose, but the rhymed version is here given, showing the perfect scanning of the lines. "Haly" was Maggie's sister, now Mrs. Clara Halyburton Oxley. It is interesting to note that "John" became Canon of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, and that the "small, fat, impertinent, ignorant brother" was afterwards the Rev. Hugh Cunnynghame, of Dundee.

The sketch of "What I look like when I'm lecturing" is reproduced on page 425 of Collingwood's *Life*. It shows the writer with long straight hair standing on end, covering his face with his hand: needless to say

there is no attempt at portraiture.

Maggie Cunnynghame knew Mr. Dodgson at his old home, Croft Rectory, and also used to see him when he stayed at Ripon, where she lived. One day she had been spending an afternoon at the Residence, Ripon, and, either by accident or design, carried off one of his gloves when she went home. When he discovered that she was the culprit, he sent her a "bill" for the lost glove. (See No. XXIII.)

LETTER XXI

TO MAGGIE CUNNYNGHAME

Ch. Ch. Jan. 30. 1868.

DEAR MAGGIE,

I found that the *friend*, that the little girl asked me to write to, lived at Ripon, and *not* at Land's End—a nice sort of place to invite to! It looked rather

suspicious to me—and soon after, by dint of incessant enquiries, I found out that she was called "Maggie" and lived in a Crescent! Of course I declared "After that" (the language I used doesn't matter), "I will not address her, that's flat! So do not expect me to flatter."

Well, I hope you will soon see your beloved Pa come back—for consider, should you be quite content with only Jack? Just suppose they made a blunder! (Such things happen now and then.) Really, now, I shouldn't wonder if your "John" came home again, and your father staid at school! A most awkward thing, no doubt. How would you receive him? You'll say, perhaps, "you'd turn him out." That would answer well, so far as concerns the boy, you know—but consider your Papa, learning lessons in a row of great inky school-boys! This (though unlikely) might occur: "Haly" would be grieved to miss him (don't mention it to her).

No carte has yet been done of me, that does real justice to my smile; and so I hardly like, you see, to send you one. However, I'll consider if I will or not —meanwhile, I send a little thing to give you an idea of what I look like when I'm lecturing. The merest sketch, you will allow—yet still I think there's something grand in the expression of the brow and in the action of the hand.

Have you read my fairy tale in Aunt Judy's Magazine? If you have you will not fail to discover what I mean when I say "Bruno yesterday came to remind me that he was my godson!"—on the ground that I "gave him a name!"

Your affectionate friend C. L. Dodgson.

P.S.—I would send, if I were not too shy, the same message to "Haly" that she (though I do not deserve it, not I!) has sent through her sister to me. My best love to yourself—to your Mother my kindest regards—to your small, fat, impertinent, ignorant brother my hatred. I think that is all.

TO MAGGIE CUNNYNGHAME

Rhymed version of Letter of Jan. 30, 1868.

Dear Maggie, I found that the "friend"
That the little girl asked me to write to,
Lived at Ripon, and not at Land's End—
A nice sort of place to invite to!
It looked rather suspicious to me—
And soon after, by dint of incessant
Enquiries, I found out that she
Was called "Maggie" and lived in a Crescent!
Of course I declared "after that"
(The language I used doesn't matter),
"I will not address her, that's flat!
So do not expect me to flatter."

Well, I hope you soon will see
Your beloved Pa come back—
For consider, should you be
Quite content with only Jack?
Just suppose they made a blunder!
(Such things happen now and then)
Really now, I shouldn't wonder
If your "John" came home again,
And your father staid at school!

A most awkward thing, no doubt.
How would you receive him? You'll Say, perhaps, "you'd turn him out."
That would answer well, so far
As concerns the boy, you know—
But consider your Papa,
Learning lessons in a row
Of great inky schoolboys! This
(Though unlikely) might occur:
"Haly" would be grieved to miss
Him (don't mention it to her).

No carte has yet been done of me
That does real justice to my smile;
And so I hardly like, you see,
To send you one—however, I'll
Consider if I will or not—
Meanwhile I send a little thing
To give you an idea of what
I look like when I'm lecturing.
The merest sketch, you will allow—
Yet still I think there's something grand
In the expression of the brow
And in the action of the hand.

Have you read my fairy-tale
In Aunt Judy's Magazine?
If you have, you will not fail
To discover what I mean
When I say "Bruno yesterday came
To remind me that he was my godson
On the ground that I gave him a name"!
Your affectionate friend C. L. Dodgson.

P.S.

I would send, if I were not too shy,
The same message to "Haly" that she
(Though I do not deserve it, not I!)
Has sent through her sister to me.
My best love to yourself,—to your Mother
My kindest regards—to your small,
Fat, impertinent, ignorant brother
My hatred—I think that is all.

LETTER XXII

TO MAGGIE CUNNYNGHAME

Leaving for Rev. M. Argles, Prebendal House, Peterborough.

United Hotel.
Charles Street.
Haymarket.
Ap. 7, 1868.

My dear Maggie,

I am a very bad correspondent, I fear, but I hope you won't leave off writing to me on that account. I got the little book safe, and will do my best about putting my name in, if I can only arrange to remember what day my birthday is—but one forgets these things so easily.

Somebody told me (a little bird, I suppose) that you had been having better photographs done of yourselves. If so, I hope you will let me buy copies—Fanny will pay you for them. But, oh Maggie, how can you ask for a better one of me than the one I sent! It is one of the best ever done! Such grace, such dignity, such benevolence, such—as a great secret (please don't

repeat it) the Queen sent to ask for a copy of it, but as it is against my rule to give in such a case, I was obliged to answer

"Mr. Dodgson presents his compliments to her Majesty, and regrets to say that his rule is never to give his photograph except to young ladies." I am told she was annoyed about it, and said, "I'm not so old as all that comes to!" and one doesn't like to annoy Queens, but really I couldn't help it, you know.

No. XXIII
TO MAGGIE CUNNYNGHAME

Miss M. Cunnynghame Debtor to Mr. C. L. Dodgson.	£	s.	<i>d</i> .
To one kid glove stolen, at 4/ per pr. To pain felt at loss To annoyance do do To vexation do do To time lost in hunting thier	,	2 3 4 14 1	0 8½ 4½ 7 6
Total	I	6	2

Received with thanks
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS XXIV-XXXIV

TO EDITH AND DOLLY ARGLES (MRS. THICKNESSE)

EDITH and Dolly Argles were the daughters of the Rev. M. Argles, Rector of Barnack, and Canon, and afterwards Dean, of Peterborough.

Dolly was a very small child in 1867 when, egged on by family and friends, she ventured to compose a letter to "Mr. Lewis Carroll," whom she had never seen, but knew as the author of Alice in Wonderland, asking when he was going to write another book. His answer is given in Letter XXIV, and was followed by a copy of Aunt Judy's Magazine for December containing the story of "Bruno's Revenge." Dolly then made a note in her diary: "Wrote to Mr. Dodson asked him what he was like." (Spelling was not her strong point.) The reply was written by "Sylvie" in very small fairy-like script-writing, accompanied by a photograph for which Dolly's was sent in return, notwithstanding the message from "Mr. Lewis Carroll."

Thus began a close friendship. In the following spring Mr. Dodgson was invited to stay at Peterborough, and delighted the children with his puzzles and stories. He paid them visits also at Barnack, and one memorable summer at Babbacombe, as a souvenir of which he wrote the double acrostic for Edith to form the words "Babbacombe Friendship" (The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll, p. 313).

Dolly was his especial pet and he made many jokes for her about their two dogs—Lily, a fat black retriever, and Fox, a white fox-terrier with lemon ears,

which he said ought to have been called "Fix," on account of its curious habit of standing in a fixed attitude for several minutes at a time—hence the allusion to "patent-glue" in the cipher-poem.

The last letter of the series (XXXIV) was written when Dolly was much older, and asks her advice about the game which he afterwards brought out under the name of "Lanrick." He sent her a printed copy of the rules, dated Jan. 16, 1879, but with no title. She again received another copy dated March 1, 1879.

The explanation of "Lanrick": or "A Game for Two Players," first came out in the *Monthly Packet* for December 1880, with subsequent editions. It was published separately, in pamphlet form, in 1881, and again, combined with "Syzygies," in 1893. It was afterwards included in *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* (first published, 1899).

LETTER XXIV

TO DOLLY ARGLES

Christ Church, Oxford. Nov. 28. 1867.

DEAR MISS DOLLY,

I have a message for you from a friend of mine, Mr. Lewis Carroll, who is a queer sort of creator, rather too fond of talking nonsense. He told me you had once asked him to write another book like one you had read—I forget the name. I think it was about "malice." "Tell her," he said, "that I have just written a little story which is printed in Aunt Judy's Magazine, and that I have ordered a copy

¹ Bruno's Revenge: see above, p. 27.

of it to be sent to her." "Very well," I said, "is that all the message?" "One thing more," he said, as a few tears trickled down his cheeks, "tell her I hope she wasn't angry with me for talking nonsense about her name. You know I sometimes talk nonsense—("always" said I)—and if she was, I hope she's forgiven me by this time?" Here the tears came showering over me like rain, (I forgot to say he was leaning out of an upper window talking to me) and as I was nearly wet through I said "Leave off that, or I won't send her any message at all!" So he drew in his head and shut the window.

If you have any message for him, you had better send it to me.

Yours very truly
Charles L. Dodgson.

LETTER XXV

TO DOLLY ARGLES

(In tiny script-writing.)

Dec. 4. 1867.

DEAR LADY

Mr. Lewis Carroll asked me this morning if I would write to you instead of him, and give you some messages from him. First, he is much obliged to you for your nice letter, and he sends you a photograph of himself, so that you needn't wonder any more what he is like, and he hopes you will send him one of yourself. (He says I oughtn't to have put in that last bit: he meant the sentence to end at "is

like.") Next, he wants very much to know how old you are. I told him it was rude to ask a lady's age, but he only said "Oh, she's very young, and she won't mind."

Bruno says he wants you to come and see our garden because it's ever so much prettier now. He's put a little arbour in it—you can't think how pretty he's made it.

Bruno sends you his love, and Mr. Lewis Carroll wanted to send his too, but I told him he mustn't, but he might send "kind regards" if he liked, but he only said "Then I won't send anything," and went away. Wasn't he cross?

I am your affectionate little fairy friend Sylvie.

LETTER XXVI

TO DOLLY ARGLES

Ch. Ch. April 22. '68.

My dear Dolly,

Don't let Edith torture you with that funny way of writing, but tell her that I'm going to send her a better way that'll make her hair stand on end with delight. Babies of six months old easily learn how to write it in a minute, and a whole regiment with fixed bayonets couldn't find it out in a fortnight without knowing the key-word. Also I'll send the new rules when I've had time to invent them.

I hope to come and see you, for about half an hour on the 3rd of July 1872.

Yours ever affly C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XXVII

TO DOLLY ARGLES

Ch. Ch. Oxford. (Probably Ap. 28 or 29. 1868.)

MY DEAR DOLLY,

You can't think how useful that present 1 of yours was, all the way up to London! Perhaps you remarked that old lady who was sitting next to me in the carriage? I mean the one with hooked eyes and a dark blue nose—Well, the moment the train went off, she said to me (by the by, it was her language that first made me think she wasn't quite a lady) she said to me "Was them young ladies on the plank-form, what held their hankerchers to their eyes, a shedding crystial tears, or was they shamming?" I didn't like to correct her, even by speaking correctly myself, so I said "They was shedding real tears, mum, but tears ain't crystials," she said "Young man, you hurts my feelings!" and she began crying.

I tried to comfort her by saying cheerfully "Now don't you shed crystial tears. Won't a little brandy do you good?" "No!" she said, "No brandy—

poetry, poetry!"

So I got your book out and handed it to her, and she read it all the rest of the way, only sobbing a little now and then; when she gave it back, she said "Tell the young lady as give it yer, which I see her name is Dolly, as poetry's the thing! Let her read that and she'll shed no more crystial tears!" And she went off repeating "Tis the voice of the lobster." So I thought I would give you her message.

¹ The present of a poetry-book was an invention for the purpose of the story.

Tell Edith I send her a key-word, if she wants to try her hand at writing cipher, but tell her also that I should think her parents will highly disapprove of such conduct.

How is Fix going on? Give my love to Lily.

Some children have a most disagreeable way of getting grown-up: I hope you won't do anything of that sort before we meet again.

With kind regards to the party, I am
Yours affectionately
C. L. Dodgson.

Note.—In a letter to Maggie Cunnynghame, dated Ap. 7, 1868, there is a note: "Leaving for Rev. M. Argles, Prebendal House, Peterborough." (See Letter XXII.) The visit had evidently just taken place when the above was written.

LETTER XXVIII

TO EDITH ARGLES

Ap. 29. 1868.

My DEAR EDITH,

I have tried my hand at a picture for you, but I have not much time for drawing, so it is but a simple affair. Also I enclose the new cipher: here is an example to make it clearer.

> (key-word) trick/trick/tr (message) cometomorrow (cipher) rdwyrffultfv

Then to translate back again,

(key-word) trick/trick/tr (cipher) rdwyrffultfv (translation) cometomorrow

I enclose a key-word for Dolly to write with, if she likes. And I also send a bit of cipher for you and Dolly to amuse yourselves by translating it. It is written with the key-word "fox."

Love to Dolly, and thanks for her note. In haste

> your sincere friend C. L. Dodgson.

NO. XXIX

CIPHER-POEM

"Jgmu qjl vgrv x ugemdt pupdeto?" wxxl x ugmh vj f jji.

"Ge'n ijsk tukebb qfds fb qrug eq xud eyk exdmfit

ddjdef:

Fbu cgkskg mglb gf mstutt, had ubj, okc Ljudz jgmu nt jxxmh,

Pa st'ok krv eykgb vj dogoq grukc vqb zmfvtn as

tuemak exjmh."

Wrs-brs, brs-brs, wrs-brs, brs-brs: "Vrct fdjsi!" fgu, Ugmh.

Njj-sjj, sjj-sjj, njj-sjj, sjj-sjj; Jji wxxl "Urbe ek fxdmh."

"Ljsv efdn ma lb as zapsi hlgvv," wxxl Srr, "zru qrsmxbr yadsl!

Lh jtbv xok urbt jgey zxmkkm imlk, eyce nypdef mhtt

vj mht zxjlbu.

Xv pn cz rsk xbcbbexak—na Urdmh btblk'm wvrdu:

Nht dok'm gkkkkm o ifvtsu ruut mhkm'w brxey genstxiqmgk zamc!"

Njj-sjj, sjj-sjj, njj-sjj, sjj-sjj: "G urbe dogb jjo

Ljudz!"

Eab-jab, jab-jab, eab-jab, jab-jab: Umgh wxxl "Eyoe'n jjudz."

TRANSLATION OF THE CIPHER

(Note.—Lily and Fox were two Dogs.)

"Will you trot a little quicker?" said a Lily to a Fox.

"It's gone eleven half an hour, by all the village clocks:

And dinner-time is twelve, you know, and Dolly will be wrath,

If we're not there to carry round the plates of muttonbroth."

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow: "Come along!" said Lily.

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow: Fox said

"Don't be silly."

"Don't talk to me of going quick," said Fox, "you howling Hound!

My feet are done with patent glue, that sticks them to

the ground.

It is my own invention—so Dolly needn't scold:

She can't invent a patent glue that's worth its weight in gold!"

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow: "I don't

care for Dolly!"

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow; Lily said "that's folly."

DESCRIPTION OF CIPHER

Small Envelope, measuring $4 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On outside, in large script handwriting:—

Cipher Alphabets

Inside, two stout pieces of cardboard, measuring $4 \times \frac{7}{8}$ in. and fitting against each other, so as to form a whole card, $4 \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ in.

On one side (top half):-

Key-Alphabet.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z Same side (bottom half):

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyza Message-Alphabet

On the other side the two cards are put together to form one and inscribed, in tiny script writing, as follows:

Rules.

The correspondents agree on a "key-word," which must be kept secret.

To translate a message into cipher, write the keyword over it, letter for letter, repeating it as often as

may be necessary. Find the first letter of the keyword in the "key-alphabet," and the first letter of the message in the "message-alphabet," bring them into a column by sliding one alphabet under the other, and copy the letter over "a": this is the first letter of the cipher.

Translate the cipher into English by the same rule.

NO. XXX

TO EDITH ARGLES

One of Lewis Carroll's favourite pastimes was to make acrostics on the names of his young friends. Many of them were put into his books as Dedications. The following was sent to Edith Argles as a joke about her sister Dolly:

I saw a child: even if blind, Cruel
I could have seen she was not kind.

"My child," said I, "don't make that noise! Dolly Here, choose among this heap of toys."

She said "I've tumbled in the river: ColD And that's what makes me shake and shiver."

- "And what's your name, my child?" said I. RomeO "It's Juliet, sir," she made reply.
- "You know," said she, "I hates my pa— UnfiliaL Never says nothing to my ma"—
- "My child," I cried, "you make me sad. EviL How can you be so very bad?"

At which she laughed in such a way, LoudlY I lost my hearing from that day.

LETTER XXXI

TO DOLLY ARGLES

Ch. Ch. Dec. 11. '68.

MY DEAR DOLLY,

this Christmas, which I daresay you may like to look at: it consists of some thin slices of dried vegetables that somebody has found a way of preparing so that it doesn't come to pieces easily: they are marked in a sort of pattern with some chemical stuff or other, and fastened between sheets of pasteboard to preserve them. I believe the *sort* of thing isn't a new invention, but the markings of these are quite new: I inserted them myself. . . .

No more at present from,

Your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

(The "present" was a copy of *Phantasmagoria*, the "thin slices" being the paper leaves, and the "markings" the print.)

LETTER XXXII

TO DOLLY ARGLES

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Jan. 3. 1869.

MY DEAR DOLLY,

... As to staying over Tuesday, my temper never can be warranted for more than three days at a time and most likely by Monday morning it will be in such a state that you'll be only too glad to get rid

of me—and I don't care about the little girl of 9. One little girl in a house is enough for me, and she need not be exactly 9, and she needn't be very little. There is only one thing I am really particular about—which is, that her name must begin with D.

You say you "hope you will soon see me." That depends on your self: if when I come, you look carefully the other way and never turn your head round, it will probably be a long time before you see

Your affte

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XXXIII

TO DOLLY ARGLES

May 18th. 1869.

I am only down here for a couple of days, and return to Ch. Ch. this evening, where I shall be probably till about the middle of June; after that I shall be free till October, so I might find an opportunity to look in on your party (for half an hour or so) if you happen to be anywhere in the neighbourhood. What neighbourhood? you ask, and you may well ask. I intend to divide my time between Pekin and Peru, week and week about—both are nice, interesting places, Pekin being full of foxes and Peru of lilies. The inhabitants of the former place live entirely on the tails of foxes (with butter, you know) and those of the latter place live by putting lilies in their hair. This is rather curious and perhaps you may find it hard to believe-don't if you find it troublesome.

Where shall you be in the summer? In the land of foxes or lilies? I shall probably have no sleep till I hear, and next to no appetite for dinner, so I hope you'll tell me as soon as it is settled.

Kindest regards to any relations you may happen

to have.

Your ever affte friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XXXIV

TO DOLLY ARGLES

Jan. 17/79

(Going to Ch. Ch. on 22nd)

DEAR DOLLY,

(If I am not taking too great a liberty in thus addressing you), Would you kindly try over the rules of a new game ¹ I am trying to invent and let me know of any improvements that occur to you.

Wishing you all a happy New Year, I am affly yours

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XXXV

TO EDITH JEBB (MRS. BOROUGH)

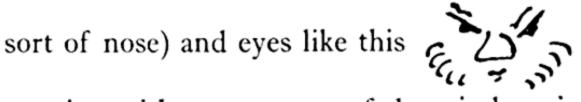
Jan. 18. 1870.

My DEAR EDITH,

Did you happen to notice that curious-looking gentleman who was in the railway carriage with me, when I left Doncaster? I mean the one with the nose

this shape (I don't know any name for that

1 Lanrick: see p. 48.



peeping with one eye out of the window, just when I was leaning out to whisper "good-bye" into your ear (only I forgot where your ear was exactly, and some-'how found it was just above your chin) and when the train moved off he said "she seems to be V.S.Y!" Of course I knew he meant "Very Sorry. Why?" So I said "She was sorry because I had said I meant to come again." He rubbed his hands together for half an hour or so, and grinned from ear to ear-(I don't mean from one ear to the other, but from one ear round again to the same) and at last he said "S.S.S.S." I thought at first he was only hissing like a snake, so I took no notice—but at last it crossed my mind that he meant "She shows some sense:" So I smiled and replied S S S (meaning of course "Sensibly said, Sir") but he didn't understand me and said in rather a cross tone, "Don't hiss at me like that! Are you a cat or a steam-engine? S.S." I saw that this meant "Silence Stupid!" and replied "S," by which you will guess at once that I meant to say "Sertainly." All he said after that was "your head is M.T.," and as I couldn't make out what he meant, I didn't say anything. But I thought I had better tell you all about it at once, that you might tell the police, or do anything else you thought ought to be done. I believe his name was "HTIDE BBEJ" (Isn't it a curious name?)/

Yours affectionately LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER XXXVI

TO EDITH JEBB (MRS. BOROUGH)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Feb. 1st 1870.

My poor dear puzzled Child,

I won't write you such a hard letter another time. And can't you really guess what the gentleman meant when he said "Your head is M.T.?" Suppose I were to say to you "Edith, my dear, my cup is M.T.—will you be so kind as to fill it with T.?" Shouldn't you understand what I meant? Read it and try again.

Another thing I want to say is please don't think that I expect long letters from you in return for my letters. I like writing letters to you, but I don't like you to take so much trouble in answering them. Next time they leave you alone and you would like a letter, tell me—and I shall be quite content if your answer is nothing but this—

My dear Mr. Dodgson, I remain Yours aff^{tely} Edith.

You see even that short note would tell me something. I should know that you "remain affectionate" which would be worth having, as of course you might have written

yours dislikingly.

Next time you see that little girl who sat next to you
61

at tea, just ask her, from me, if she is as disagreeable as ever. I rather want to know.

Ever Yours Affectly
C. L. Dodgson.

What other names have you besides "Edith?" Tell me and I will make you a "monogram" (like

) 1 for writing all the initials at once.

LETTER XXXVII

TO EDITH JEBB (MRS. BOROUGH)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. May 17, 1875.

DEAR MISS EDITH JEBB,

Having received permission from your esteemed parents to address a few lines to you while pursuing your education at Wimbledon, I take up my pen, with the hope, that when your worthy preceptress has perused the letter, she will allow you to see it also. For indeed, dear young lady, I trust that no remark will fall from my pen calculated to interfere even for a moment with that orderly flow of studious thought with which your excellent instructress is no doubt seeking to imbue you! [Thorny the path of learning may be-flowery (not "floury" which has another meaning) I hope you will find it! How sweet, when walking two and two (two and two makes four) through the shady lanes of Wimbledon, to whisper to yourself "Honesty is the best policy." "A rolling stone gathers no moss." No doubt your accom-

¹ His own familiar initial here reproduced from the original.

plished school-mistress has, ere this, pointed out to you that a "rolling stone" is a kind of "ball." And a ball, I need hardly say, is a scene that any young lady, who has the advantage of such teaching as you, my dear Miss Jebb, now receive, will carefully avoid. It is a scene of dissipation and frivolity—I will not dwell on the painful topic. Then again, how sweet, when seated with your companions under some umbrageous ("shady") oak, to murmur to one another the irregular German verbs! Even the perusal of a French dictionary backwards may become, under such judicious guidance as you are blessed with, a labour of love. I apologise for the word, which inadvertently escaped from my pen, and which is found in novels, romances and such books, read by giddy young ladies, but which I am sure are never seen within the walls where you have the felicity to dwell under the fostering care of the accomplished lady who is at once your "guide, philosopher and friend!"

I remain, my dear Miss Edith, respectfully and faithfully yours,

LEWIS CARROLL.

When next you write to your parents, pray convey to them my respectful compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII

TO EDITH JEBB (MRS. BOROUGH)

Ch. Ch. June 5/79.

My dear Edith,

For a long time—possibly years, probably months, certainly weeks—I have been in total ignorance

how to communicate with your party—"Firbeck Hall" was all I knew, and that it was in England I felt confident, but I doubted if that address would find you. At last one of those happy thoughts which only occur to great geniuses, like myself, and then only once or twice in a century, said "Write to their old address. The new Rector will know where they are." I did so, the new Rector does know, and what is more, he told me.

This is to reopen negociations. You will find the puzzle very soothing—what the doctors call an "alterative," i.e. if you happen to have a headache, it will charm it away! but if you haven't one, it will probably give you one.

With kindest regards to your party, I am
Yours affectionately
C. L. Dodgson.

P.S. I feel there is a certain amount of freedom, not to say impertinence, in the beginning and end of my letter. Consequently, I trust there will be a certain amount of dignity, not to say stiffness, in any reply you may happen to send.

LETTERS XXXIX-XLI

TO AGNES AND AMY HUGHES

In the 'sixties, Mr. Dodgson had many artist-friends, among them being Mr. Arthur Hughes, to whose little daughters the following letters were addressed. A photograph of Agnes Hughes, with her father, taken by Mr. Dodgson in 1863, is reproduced in Collingwood's *Life*, p. 421.

LETTER XXXIX

TO AGNES HUGHES

My DEAR AGNES,

You lazy thing! What? I'm to divide the kisses myself, am I? Indeed I won't take the trouble to do anything of the sort! But I'll tell you how to do it. First, you take four of the kisses, and-that reminds me of a very curious thing that happened to me at half-past four yesterday. Three visitors came knocking at my door, begging me to let them in. And when I opened the door, who do you think they were? You'll never guess. Why, they were three cats! Wasn't it curious? However, they all looked so cross and disagreeable that I took up the first thing I could lay my hand on (which happened to be the rolling-pin) and knocked them all down as flat as pancakes! "If you come knocking at my door," I said, "I shall come knocking at your heads." That was fair, wasn't it?

> Yours affectionately, Lewis Carroll.

LETTER XL

TO AGNES HUGHES

My DEAR AGNES,

About the cats, you know. Of course I didn't leave them lying flat on the ground like dried flowers! no, I picked them up, and I was as kind as I could be to them. I lent them a portfolio for a bed—they

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wouldn't have been comfortable in a real bed, you know: they were too thin—but they were quite happy between the sheets of blotting-paper—and each of them had a pen-wiper for a pillow. Well, then I went to bed: but first I lent them the three dinner-bells, to ring if they wanted anything in the night.

You know I have three dinner-bells—the first (which is the largest) is rung when dinner is nearly ready; the second (which is rather larger) is rung when it is quite ready; and the third (which is as large as the other two put together) is rung all the time I am at dinner. Well, I told them they might ring if they happened to want anything—and, as they rang all the bells all night, I suppose they did want something or other, only I was too sleepy to attend to them.

In the morning I gave them some rat-tail jelly and buttered mice for breakfast, and they were as discontented as they could be. They wanted some boiled pelican, but of course I knew it wouldn't be good for them. So all I said was "Go to Number Two, Finborough Road, and ask for Agnes Hughes, and if it's really good for you, she'll give you some." Then I shook hands with them all, and wished them all goodbye, and drove them up the chimney. They seemed very sorry to go, and they took the bells and the portfolio with them. I didn't find this out till after they were gone, and then I was sorry too, and wished for them back again. What do I mean by "them"? Never mind.

How are Arthur, and Amy, and Emily? Do they still go up and down Finborough Road, and teach the

cats to be kind to mice? I'm very fond of all the cats in Finborough Road.

Give them my love.
Who do I mean by "them"?
Never mind.

Your affectionate friend, Lewis Carroll.

LETTER XLI

TO AMY HUGHES

MY DEAR AMY,

How are you getting on, I wonder, with guessing those puzzles from "Wonderland"? If you think you've found out any of the answers, you may send them to me; and if they're wrong, I won't tell you they're right!

You asked me after those three cats. Ah! The dear creatures! Do you know, ever since that night they first came, they have never left me? Isn't it kind of them? Tell Agnes this. She will be interested to hear it. And they are so kind and thoughtful! Do you know, when I had gone out for a walk the other day, they got all my books out of the bookcase, and opened them on the floor, to be ready for me to read. They opened them all at page 50, because they thought that would be a nice useful page to begin at. It was rather unfortunate, though: because they took my bottle of gum, and tried to gum pictures upon the ceiling (which they thought would please me), and by accident they spilt a quantity of it all over the books. So when they were shut up and put by, the leaves all

stuck together, and I can never read page 50 again in any of them!

However, they meant it very kindly, so I wasn't angry. I gave them each a spoonful of ink as a treat: but they were ungrateful for that, and made dreadful faces. But, of course, as it was given them as a treat, they had to drink it. One of them has turned black since: it was a white cat to begin with.

Give my love to any children you happen

Give my love to any children you happen to meet. Also I send two kisses and a half, for you to divide with Agnes, Emily, and Godfrey. Mind you divide them

fairly./

Yours affectionately, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS XLII—XLVI

TO MAUD AND ISABEL STANDEN

(MRS. FFOOKS AND MRS. CARR-ANDERSON)

MR. Dodgson's "fifteen minutes' acquaintance" with Maud and Isabel, the children of the late Lt.-General Douglas Standen, was made one August day in 1867, when they were playing in some Gardens at Reading, and led to lifelong friendship. Letter XLII was written the day after their first meeting, and the postscript refers to one of the puzzles he had been showing them; the problem was how to draw three interlaced squares without going over the same line twice or taking the pencil off the paper.

The dates of Letters XLIV to XLVI show how the correspondence continued throughout the years, especially after Maud Standen had gone to live abroad.

In Letter XLV, the explanation of the words from "Jabberwocky" (the poem in *Through the Looking-Glass*) is interesting, as illustrative of the fact that, as in the case of the "Snark," Lewis Carroll was not always able to furnish a solution to his own puzzles.

LETTER XLII

TO ISABEL STANDEN

The Chestnuts, Guildford, August 22, 1869.

MY DEAR ISABEL,

Though I have only been acquainted with you for fifteen minutes, yet, as there is no one else in Reading I have known so long, I hope you will not mind my troubling you. Before I met you in the Gardens yesterday I bought some old books at a shop in Reading, which I left to be called for, and had not time to go back for them. I didn't even remark the name of the shop, but I can tell where it was, and if you know the name of the woman who keeps the shop, and would put it into the blank I have left in this note, and direct it to her I should be much obliged. . . . A friend of mine, called Mr. Lewis Carroll, tells me he means to send you a book. He is a very dear friend of mine. I have known him all my life (we are the same age) and have never left him. Of course he was with me in the Gardens, not a yard off—even while I was drawing those puzzles for you. I wonder if you saw him?

your fifteen-minute friend, C. L. Dodgson.

Have you succeeded in drawing the three squares?

LETTER XLIII

TO MAUD STANDEN

Christ Church, Oxford. September 1st, 1873.

My DEAR MAUD,

Do you mean "Victoria Place" or "Victoria Square?" Your letter says "Place." I had 1½ hour(s) to-day in Reading (from 12½ to 2) and tried in vain to find you. It was chiefly my own fault, for I had forgotten the number, and stupidly had left your letter behind. I went first to Victoria Place, but the houses were so small I doubted if you could possibly squeeze into one. I had a vague idea it was No. 3. So I tried that house. "Not known there."

Then I tried Victoria Square, which (beginning with an 8) evidently hadn't got a No. 3. So I took up the idea that it was No. 11, and rang the bell, but again in vain, though the maid seemed pleased to see me, and that was odd because I couldn't have been the person she expected. I did not dare to go on ringing bells all along that row of houses; I should have had a lot of angry maid-servants following me, which would have been more dangerous than a swarm of wasps; so I simply walked slowly up and down on the opposite side of the road from end to end, in hopes somebody would see me from the windows, and then, seeing no friendly faces, I walked back, sad, but not broken-hearted, to the Railway Station.

Yours afftly,

C. L. Dodgson.

Love to any lovable animals you may happen to have in the house.

LETTER XLIV

TO MAUD STANDEN

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Dec. 30, 1874.

My DEAR MAUD,

It is a horrid shame to have left your letter so long unanswered. Often and often it has come into my head, but I always think "Oh, I haven't time to-day for a real letter," and so put it off; however something shall go to-day, letter or note as it may happen.

Jan. 1. The letter got broken off there, and I shall try and finish it to-day at Hatfield House (the country house of the Marquis of Salisbury, the Chancellor of Oxford University) where I am now staying. I came yesterday to be present at a children's fancy ball, which was a very pretty sight. The house is Elizabethan, so most of the dresses were of that period: the eldest girl Maud¹ being dressed as Queen Elizabeth, and the ball began with a grand, royal procession, which was very well done—a little page to carry her train, and a little Lord Chamberlain with a long wand to walk backwards before her. Then they had a Morris-dance, holding ribbons from one to another, and then the regular dancing began. There were about 100 children altogether: they had a supper at $9\frac{1}{2}$, and another supper at 12! This was only for the people staying in the house, about 40 people, including about 20 children. I took my drawing-book into the gallery during the ball, and drew a picture of little

¹ Lady Beatrix Maud Cecil, afterwards Countess of Selborne.

Amy Robsart, who consented to stand still for a few minutes. Have you fancy-balls or anything of that kind, in Berlin?

Your ever affectionate friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XLV

TO MAUD STANDEN

Ch. Ch., Oxford, England. Dec. 18, 1877.

My DEAR MISS STANDEN,

When a correspondent lives at the other side of the world, one always has the feeling I find, "Oh, there isn't time to-day to write a letter that would be worth sending, best put it off to a more leisurely time," and so I have been putting off answering your letter, dated Ap. 25, 1876, till for very shame I am beginning a letter which shall go, worth it or not!

To take the next subject in your letter, the "Hunting of the Snark," I should much like to present copies to you and your sister (Miss Isabel I fear I must call her now. How years fly away!) And as you have no doubt seen the book by this time, I may as well give you the opportunity of choosing the colour of the cover. I have had them bound in various coloured cloths, with the ship and bell-buoy in gold: e.g. light blue, dark blue, light green, dark green, scarlet (to match "Alice"), and (what is perhaps prettiest of all)

¹ The majority of the copies of the first edition of *The Hunting* of the Snark, 1876, were issued in buff-coloured cloth.

white, i.e. a sort of imitation vellum, which looks beautiful with the gold. The only objection is that it would get to look soiled and shabby sooner than the darker colours. I am afraid I can't explain "vorpal blade" for you—nor yet "tulgey wood"; but I did make an explanation once for "uffish thought"—It seems to suggest a state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. Then again, as to "burble": if you take the three verbs "bleat," "murmur," and "warble," and select the bits I have underlined, it certainly makes "burble": though I am afraid I can't distinctly remember having made it in that way.

You say croquet has gone quite out of fashion with you; so, perhaps, when this reaches you, it may have come in again. On the chance of which I will enclose a copy of the rules of a game 1 I once invented with the help of my sisters, though perhaps I may have told you about it before. At all events, my "Anagrammatic Sonnet" will be new to you. Each line has four feet, and each foot is an anagram, i.e. the letters of it can be rearranged so as to make one word. Thus there are 24 anagrams, which will occupy your leisure moments for some time, I hope. Remember, I don't limit myself to substantives, as some do. I should consider "we dishwished" a fair anagram.

As to the war, try elm. I tried.
The wig cast in, I went to ride.
"Ring? Yes." We rang. "Let's rap."

A four-page pamphlet entitled "Castle-Croquet: For Four Players (1866), by Lewis Carroll, a revised and expanded version of a four-page pamphlet Croquet Castles: For Five Players (1863)." Castle-Croquet was also published in Aunt Judy's Magazine for August, 1867.

We don't.

"O shew her wit!" As yet she won't.
Saw eel in Rome. Dry one: he's wet.
I am dry. O forge! Th' rogue! Why a net?

To these you may add "abcdefgi" which makes a compound-word—as good a word as "summer-house."

I made most of the above for some delicious children that I made friends with at Eastbourne last summer. One afternoon, when they were puzzling over "As to," one of the younger ones whispered in my ear, "Tell me what it is!" and I whispered back again "Maccaroni!" whereupon she put on an air of great importance, and said to her sisters, "I know what the answer is!"

Perhaps you may like to try your hand at guessing a charade I wrote for the youngest three of them—Agnes, Eveline and Jessie Hull—the youngest being, of course, the pet and always ready to interpose, if you proposed any plan without mentioning it to her, "and Jessie." It is a word of two syllables.

They both make a roaring, a roaring all night, etc. With kind regards to Major Standen, and very kind ditto to your sister, I remain

Sincerely Yours
C. L. Dodgson.

¹ See Letters to Agnes Hull, pp. 131-154.

LETTER XLVI

TO ISABEL STANDEN

Ch. Ch. Oxford. 5th July 1885.

Some of my friends are business men, and it is pleasant to see how methodical and careful they are in transacting any business matter. If, for instance, one of them were to write to me, asking me to look out for a place for a French governess in whom he was interested, I should be sure to admire the care with which he would give me her name in full (in extra legible writing if it were an unusual name) as well as her address.

Some of my friends are not men of business.

Of course I shall be only too happy to watch for any opening that may seem to suit your protegée but refer my friends to her and get them to write to her about vacancies, my dear child, how can I? I am not Mr. Irving Bishop, the thought-reader!

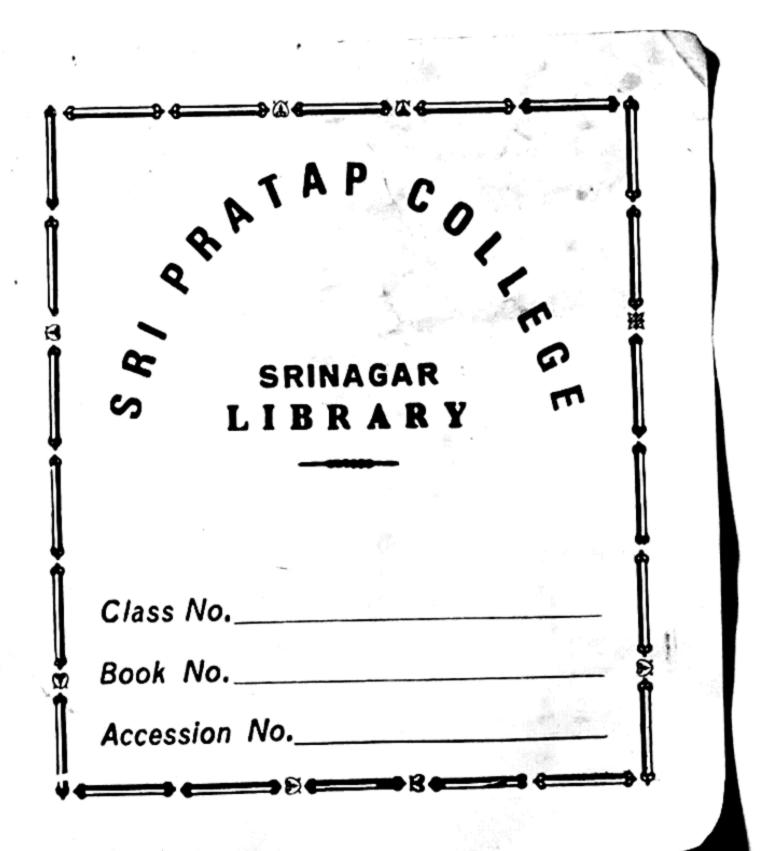
I am very glad you are getting plenty of treats. I was thinking of you as lonely and dull, and almost reproaching myself with not calling to take you out, or ask you here, for another of those indispensable business-conferences.

Be happy: tend thy flowers: be tended by

My blessing,

Yours with much affection

C. L. Dodgson.



PART II

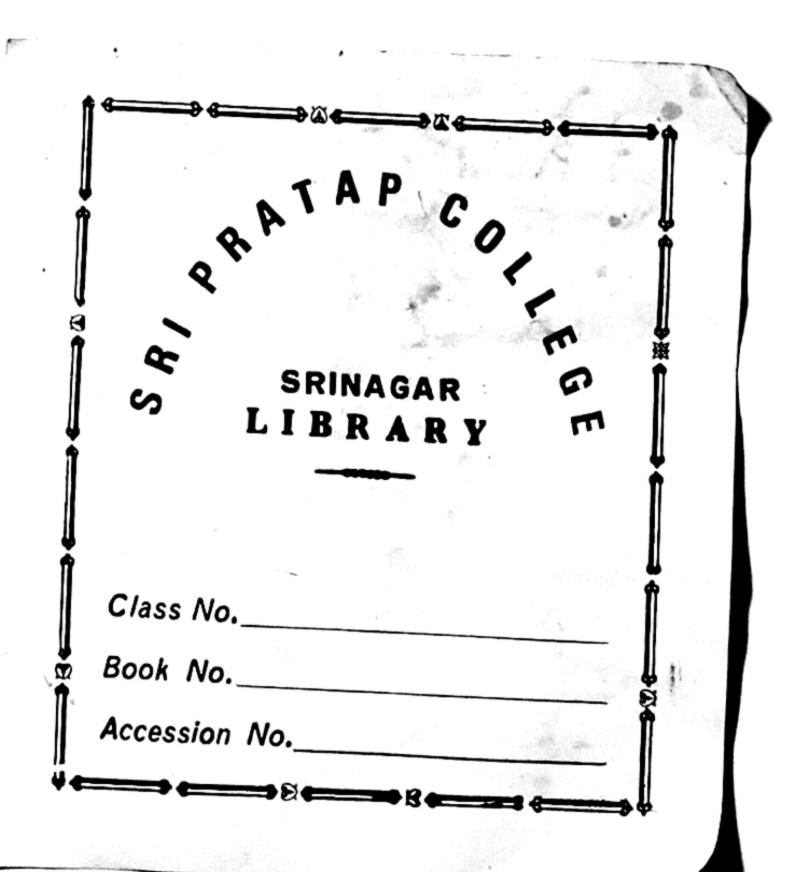
1870—1880

PUBLICATIONS:

Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There. 1872.

The Hunting of the Snark. 1876.

Doublets. 1879.



LETTER XLVII

TO MISS MARY MARSHAL

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Ap. 19. 1870.

My DEAR CHILD,

I took your letter and the book-marker to Mr. Lewis Carroll this morning. He sends you his thanks for the book-marker but he was very unwilling to take it. "I meant the book for a present," he said: "I don't want anything in exchange!" However I persuaded him to take it at last. When he saw your letter he said you were too old for the book, and that I must have made a mistake about your age, he thought you might be "thirty" not "thirteen." "No child of thirteen ever wrote such a hand as that!" he cried. However I told him you certainly were a child, and that you had been to a very good school at the bottom of the sea.

He is writing another book about Alice, telling how she went through the looking-glass into that wonderful house that you see in the looking-glass over the chimney-piece—but I don't know when it will be finished.

He sends you his kind regards, and I send mine to your Grandpapa and Grandmamma. I am glad you got home safe on Wednesday. Mr. Carroll says I ought to have seen you safe to your journey's end, and that he would have behaved better if he had been in my place!

Very truly Yrs
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XLVIII

TO JANET MERRIMAN

(Janet was the daughter of Dr. H. G. Merriman, Headmaster of the Guildford Grammar School, and had had her photograph taken by Mr. Dodgson. The teasing tone of the letter is counteracted by the gentleness of the poem.)

Ch. Ch. Dec. 17. '70.

My DEAR JANET,

"Bis dat qui cito dat" (of course you understand Latin? or else what's the use of your being Dr. Merriman's daughter?). So I send you the photograph you have had the bad taste to choose. As to your brother, I haven't got one of the kind you "think" he wants. But the great question is, do you generally think right or wrong? I should say (judging by the experience of many years) wrong, almost always. And it is very unlikely, you know, that he, (or anybody) should want a picture of you. Who are you? So he had better make up his mind ("Why can't you make up your mind?" that's a riddle I've just invented. "Because you haven't got one to make up"—that's the answer to it, only you'd never have guessed it) and let me know which he would like. Will you tell your father I am very much obliged to him and his (mind you give the message correctly) for so kindly inviting me for the 29th, but alas! dancing is not in my line! (Janet—"What is in your line, then?" Answer, "The multiplication-table.")

Accept, Janet, my distinguished considerations.

LEWIS CARROLL.

"No mind!" the little maiden cried In half-indignant tone,

"To think that I should be denied A mind to call my own!"

And echo heard, and softly sighed (or seemed to sigh) "My own!"

"No mind!" the little maiden said, "You'd think it, I suppose!

And yet you know I've got a head With chin, cheek, mouth, eye, nose—"

And echo heard, and sweetly said (or seemed to say) "I knows!"

"You have no mind to be unkind,"
Said echo in her ear:

"No mind to bring a living thing To suffering or fear.

For all that's bad, or mean, or sad, you have no mind, my dear."

Then if the friend whom you deride,

To all your merits blind,

Should say that, though he's tried and tried,

Your mind he cannot find . . .

'Tis but a jest for Christmas-tide, so, Janet, never mind!

LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER XLIX

TO MABEL AND EMILY KERR

EMILY and Mabel Kerr were two little girls living in Canada, who had sent Mr. Dodgson their photo-

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graph through their aunt, Mrs. Hatch, of Oxford. In reply they received the following acrostic on their names, as a letter of thanks, together with a photograph of Mr. Dodgson himself and another of one of his child-friends.

Beatrice Hatch had two dolls named "Emily" and "Mabel" after her cousins, which are alluded to by Mr. Dodgson in Letter L.

See also "Letter from Mabel," Dodgson Handbook,

Part 1, p. 83, No. 114.

The first and last letters of the correct words at the end of each line of the acrostic form the names "Mabel" and "Emily."

LETTER XLIX

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC

To Mabel and Emily Kerr

Thanks, thanks, fair Cousins, for your gift
So swiftly borne to Albion's isle—
Though angry waves their crests uplift
Between our shores for many a league!

[MilE]

("So far, so good," you say: "but how Your Cousins?" Let me tell you, Madam. We're both descended, you'll allow,

From one great-great grandsire, Noah.) [AdaM]

Your picture shall adorn the book
That's bound so neatly and moroccoly,
With that bright green which every cook
Delights to see in beds of cauliflower.

[BroccolI]

The carte is very good, but pray Send me the larger one as well!

"A cool request!" I hear you say,

"Give him an inch, he takes an acre!

[EIL]

"But we'll be generous, because
We well remember, in the story,
How good and gentle Alice was,
The day she argued with the Parrot!"

[LorY]

Ch. Ch. Oxford. May 20. 1871.

LETTERS L-LI

TO BEATRICE HATCH

BEATRICE HATCH was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Edwin Hatch, of Oxford. Her friendship with Mr. Dodgson began when she was at the age which he describes as "from nought to five," and lasted for nearly thirty years, until his death. She can therefore be considered as the most permanent of his Oxford friends. It was for Beatrice and her brother Wilfrid that, in 1873, he wrote the Prologue (published in the Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll, p. 111) beginning "Wiffie, I'm sure that something is the matter," which they both performed with great success at one of the private theatrical entertainments got up by their mother.

The wax doll "Alice," whose fame has been established by the letter to Beatrice, was a present from Mr. Dodgson. It had fair hair brushed back from its forehead, just like the pictures of its namesake, and when pinched would emit plaintive cries

of "Pappa" and "Mamma." "Alice" lived to a good old age, treasured by her owner. "Emily" and "Mabel" were also dolls, named after the Canadian cousins for whom Mr. Dodgson wrote an acrostic letter (No. XLIX).

Letter LI will show the constant intercourse that was kept up, especially in the later years when Beatrice Hatch was a near neighbour of Mr. Dodgson's at Christ Church.

She gave her own reminiscences in the Strand Magazine for April 1898.

LETTER L

TO BEATRICE HATCH

1873.

My DEAR BIRDIE,

I met her just outside Tom Gate, walking very stiffly, and I think she was trying to find her way to my rooms. So I said, "Why have you come here without Birdie?" So she said, "Birdie's gone! and Emily's gone! and Mabel isn't kind to me!" And two little waxy tears came running down her cheeks.

Why, how stupid of me! I've never told you who it was all the time! It was your new doll. I was very glad to see her, and I took her to my room, and gave her some vesta matches to eat, and a cup of nice melted wax to drink, for the poor little thing was very hungry and thirsty after her long walk. So I said, "Come and sit down by the fire, and let's have a comfortable chat." "Oh no! no!" she said, "I'd much rather not. You know I do melt so very easily!" And she made me take her quite to the other side of

the room, where it was very cold: and then she sat on my knee, and fanned herself with a penwiper, because she said she was afraid the end of her nose was beginning to melt.

"You've no *idea* how careful we have to be, we dolls," she said. "Why, there was a sister of mine—would you believe it?—she went up to the fire to warm her hands, and one of her hands dropped *right* off! There now!" "Of course it dropped *right* off," I said, "because it was the *right* hand." "And how do you know it was the *right* hand, Mister Carroll?" the doll said. So I said, "I think it must have been the *right* hand because the other hand was *left*."

The doll said, "I shan't laugh. It's a very bad joke. Why even a common wooden doll could make a better joke than that. And besides, they've made my mouth so stiff and hard, that I can't laugh if I try ever so much." "Don't be cross about it," I said, "but tell me this: I'm going to give Birdie and the other children one photograph each, whichever they choose; which do you think Birdie will choose?" "I don't know," said the doll; "you'd better ask her!" So I took her home in a hansom cab. Which would you like, do you think? Arthur as Cupid? or Arthur and Wilfrid together? or you and Ethel as beggar children? or Ethel standing on a box? or, one of yourself?

Your affectionate friend
Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LI

TO BEATRICE HATCH

Ch. Ch. Nov. 21. '96.

My DEAR BEE,

The reason I have, for so long a time, not visited the hive, is a *logical* one, but it is not (as you might imagine) that I think there is no more honey in it! Will you come again to dine with me? Any day would suit me, and I would fetch you at 6.30.

Ever your affectionate

C. L. D.

LETTERS LII-LV

TO ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS (MRS. SAMUEL BICKERSTETH)

Mrs. Bickersteth, daughter of the late Sir Monier Monier-Williams, was an Oxford friend who knew Mr. Dodgson from her earliest years, and has given her reminiscences of him in the Lewis Carroll Picture Book. She describes herself as one of the children whose love for Lewis Carroll "endured beyond childhood," and speaks affectionately of "the fascination of his friendship." At the Centenary Exhibition in London, in 1932, she exhibited a number of the photographs which he had taken of her as a child, including one which is believed to have given him the suggestion for one of his drawings of "Alice," in Alice's Adventures Underground. Two others, reproduced on the opposite page, show his taste for posing his little models in simple and natural attitudes.

As Ella grew up she came in for her share of teasing.

The first four letters of the series relate to a hoax which Mr. Dodgson played upon her when she was fourteen. He had persuaded her to lend him her diary of a recent visit to the Continent in return for his own journal of similar travels, and he then pretended that he was having extracts from it published in The Monthly Packet. At first she was not taken in, but was convinced by his next letter that his statement must be true. Naturally she felt some disappointment at the final explanation, but in the end she could not help laughing with him over the joke. Letter LV was written when she was older and engaged to be married, in reply to her inquiry about his system of keeping his correspondence in order. The explanation of how to keep a Letter-Register in the Eight or Nine Wise Words about Letterwriting (included at the end of this volume) was not published by Mr. Dodgson until ten years later.

LETTER LII

TO ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS

Saturday. (November, 1873).

My dear Ella,

I send you Vol. II. of my Journal, and am much obliged to you for lending me yours. So far, I have come upon very little that you need be unwilling for the public to read. For I consider such sentences as "July 10.—Fractious all the evening, and went to bed in the sulks," and again: "July 14.—Bought a new parasol, and sat out on the balcony to be admired. A little girl passing by told me I looked 'as stuck up as a peacock in its Sunday best.' I

would have broken the parasol over her head, only I couldn't reach her," as quite natural and childlike.

Your affect. friend, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LIII

TO ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS

November 17th. 1873.

MY DEAR ELLA,

I return your book with many thanks; you will be wondering why I kept it so long. I understand, from what you said about it, that you have no idea of publishing any of it yourself, and hope you will not be annoyed at my sending three short chapters of extracts from it, to be published in *The Monthly Packet*. I have not given any names in full, nor put any more definite title to it than simply "Ella's Diary, or The Experiences of an Oxford Professor's Daughter, during a Month of Foreign Travel."

I will faithfully hand over to you any money I may receive on account of it, from Miss Yonge, the editor of *The Monthly Packet*.

> Your affect. friend, C. L. Dodgson.

[Extract from next letter.]

I grieve to tell you that every word of my letter was strictly true. I will now tell you more—that Miss Yonge has not declined the MS., but she will not give more than a guinea a chapter. Will that be enough?

LETTER LIV

TO ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS

MY DEAR ELLA,

I'm afraid I have hoaxed you too much. But it really was true. I "hoped you wouldn't be annoyed at my etc.," for the very good reason that I hadn't done it. And I gave no other title than "Ella's Diary," nor did I give that title. Miss Yonge hasn't declined it—because she hasn't seen it. And I need hardly explain that she hasn't given more than three guineas!

Not for three hundred guineas would I have shown it to any one—after I had promised you I wouldn't.

In haste,

Yours affectionately,

C. L. D.

LETTER LV

TO ELLA MONIER-WILLIAMS

Rev. C. L. Dodgson. Christ Church. Oxford.

Ap. 29/80

MY DEAR ELLA,

It is a great shock to my sensitive feelings to find that young ladies (of a certain age, and engaged) persist in signing themselves "very affectionately": it shows a grievous disregard of the very rudiments of conventionalism; but how can I help it? Against such mighty forces, what avail the feeble efforts of Man?

By all means come on Friday, and if you will stay long enough for 5 o'clock tea, that unwholesome drug

shall be forthcoming. My system of arranging letters is but a faint shadow, after all, of that master-mind, which deals so grandly with subjects gigantic and trivial (like an elephant doing crochet, let us say)—which writes Treatises on Homer and halfpenny-post-cards with equal ease ¹—but, such as it is, it is at your service.

Always affectionately yours, C. L. Dodgson.

By all means bring the infants you mention, if you think it would be any comfort to them, or would serve, even for an hour, to lessen their sadness.

LETTER LVI

TO GAYNOR SIMPSON

December 27, 1873.

My DEAR GAYNOR,

My name is spelt with a "G," that is to say "Dodgson." Any one who spells it the same as that wretch (I mean of course the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons) offends me deeply, and for ever! It is a thing I can forget, but never can forgive! If you do it again, I shall call you "'aynor." Could you live happy with such a name?

As to dancing, my dear, I never dance, unless I am allowed to do it in my own peculiar way. There is no use trying to describe it: it has to be seen to be believed. The last house I tried it in, the floor broke through. But then it was a poor sort of floor—the

¹ This refers to Mr. Gladstone, who had invented a somewhat similar method.

beams were only six inches thick, hardly worth calling beams at all: stone arches are much more sensible, when any dancing, of my peculiar kind, is to be done. Did you ever see the Rhinoceros, and the Hippopotamus, at the Zoological Gardens, trying to dance a minuet together? It is a touching sight.

Give any message from me to Amy that you think will be most likely to surprise her, and believe me, your affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER LVII

TO GAYNOR SIMPSON

My DEAR GAYNOR,

So you would like to know the answer to that riddle? Don't be in a hurry to tell it to Amy and Frances: triumph over them for a while!

My first lends its aid when you plunge into trade. GAIN. Who would go into trade if there were no gain in it?

My second in jollifications—

OR (the French for "gold"—) Your jollifications would be very limited if you had no money.

My whole, laid on thinnish, imparts a neat finish

To pictorial representations.

GAYNOR. Because she will be an ornament to the Shakespeare Charades—only she must be "laid on thinnish," that is, there mustn't be too much of her.

yours affectionately,

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LVIII

TO GAYNOR SIMPSON

My DEAR GAYNOR,

Forgive me for having sent you a sham answer to begin with.

My first—SEA. It carries the ships of the merchants.

My second—WEED. That is, a cigar, an article much used in jollifications.

My whole—SEAWEED. Take a newly painted oil-picture; lay it on its back on the floor, and spread over it, "thinnish," some wet seaweed. You will find you have "finished" that picture.

yours affectionately, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS LIX-LX

TO MRS. HATCH

MRS. HATCH, wife of the Rev. Edwin Hatch, was one of the many Oxford mothers who frequently received requests from Mr. Dodgson to allow her children to come to his rooms to be photographed. Besides the two little girls, of whom he made a successful picture as "Beggar-children," her little boys were also invited to pose as models, but there is no known photograph of Arthur in "circus dress."

Mr. Dodgson always took a great interest in Mrs. Hatch's private theatrical entertainments, in which the children usually had parts, and on two occasions he wrote Prologues for them. (See Collected Verse

of Lewis Carroll, pp. 108-12.) As shown in Letter LX, he was less responsive when invited to an ordinary "At Home," having an almost morbid horror of being "lionised" as the author of Alice in Wonderland.

LETTER LIX

TO MRS. HATCH

Christ Church. Oxford. Monday.

My DEAR MRS. HATCH,

As I shall be here for 2 or 3 days more, and the mornings are lovely for photography, couldn't you come over, tomorrow or next day, any time between 10 and 1, and bring Birdie, or better, Birdie and Ethel? You shall see the drawings Wm Holiday made as guides for me and then you can have the bairns photographed in that, or any other dress you may prefer.

Very sincerely yours, C. L. Dodgson.

Sunday night.

If you do come tomorrow, let me suggest (a sudden thought) bringing a doll. It is a great help in grouping children, and would do very well with "beggarchildren." Also if they have such things as flannel nightgowns, that makes as pretty a dress as you could desire: white does pretty well, but nothing like flannel.

LETTER LX

TO MRS. HATCH

DEAR MRS. HATCH,

What an awful proposition! To drink tea from 4 to 6 would tax the constitution even of a hardened tea-drinker. For me, who hardly ever touch it, it would probably be fatal—I must ask you to let me leave it quite doubtful whether I look in or not—Usually that is the only interval I have between photography & lecture (at 6)—

I have called several times to see you in vain, to see if it wouldn't be possible to make a circus-dress for Arthur. I have tried London, but they are so costly.

Believe me

Very sincerely yours
C. L. Dodgson

May 14.

LETTERS LXI-LXII

TO JULIA AND ETHEL ARNOLD

Julia and Ethel Arnold, whose father, Mr. Thomas Arnold, was a son of the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, belong to the group of Oxford families of the 'seventies and early 'eighties. They saw much of Mr. Dodgson, and, unlike many of the Oxford children whom he was inclined to drop as they grew older, still remained among his friends after they were grown up. Julia ("Judy") became Mrs. Leonard Huxley in 1885: she died in 1908. Mr. Dodgson took many photo-

graphs of them when they were children, sometimes in ordinary dress, sometimes in fancy costume. When their sister Mary was married to Mr. Humphry Ward, he made a most successful group of the wedding-party, showing Julia and Ethel among the brides-maids, in white muslin frocks. Two of his portraits of "Judy" are reproduced in this book, as specimens of his photographic work: one (p. 187), in the Turkish costume familiar to so many of his young friends, the other (p. 95) so arranged as to suggest a picture, dressed in a voluminous nightgown, for the sake of the long, flowing lines of drapery.

Ethel Arnold gave her recollections of Mr. Dodgson in the Windsor Magazine Christmas Number for 1929, and recalled the pleasure of walks and talks with him as she grew older. He had once been bitten by her dachshund, so refused to come to the house to fetch her and they used to meet just inside the gate of the Parks, which was close by.

She had a passion for acting, and he sometimes took her to London for a matinée, usually at the Lyceum. When she was seventeen he introduced her to Marion Terry—known to her family and friends as "Polly"—and he used to tease her much about her adoration for the charming actress, which, from the remarks in Letter LXII, seems to have been shared by her sister "Judy."

Ethel's first meeting with Ellen Terry on a neverto-be-forgotten day in London is described in Mr. Dodgson's letter to Agnes Hull (p. 153).

LETTER LXI

TO JULIA AND ETHEL ARNOLD

1874.

What remarkably wicked children you are! I don't think you would find in all history, even if you go back to the times of Nero and Heliogabalus, any instance of children so heartless and so entirely reckless about returning story-books. Now I think of it, neither Nero nor Heliogabalus ever failed to return any story-book they borrowed. That is certain, because they never borrowed any, and that again is certain because there were none printed in those days.

Affectionately yours

C. L. D.

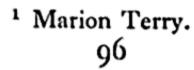
LETTER LXII

TO ETHEL ARNOLD

1884.

MY DEAR ETHEL,

To save the few surviving fragments of our friendship (blighted as it is by the transference of all your capabilities of affection to one single individual in London 1) from drifting away into oblivion, I will, if Thursday afternoon be fine, be at our usual rendezvous at 3½, and if you are there we will take a walk and then come round here and partake of the cup that does not inebriate, and you shall tell me your experiences in the society of one who was once my friend.





You will be kind enough to tell Judy (with my love, which I send most reluctantly) that I may forgive, but cannot forget, her utterly heartless behaviour in my rooms yesterday. You were not present, and I will not pain your sensitive nature by describing it. But I will be even with her some day. Some sultry afternoon, when she is here, half fainting with thirst, I will produce a bottle of delicious cool lemonade. This I will uncork, and pour it foaming into a large tumbler, and then, after putting the tumbler well within her reach, she shall have the satisfaction of seeing me drink it myself—not a drop of it shall reach her lips!

However it was very nice of you to bring my dear old friend to see me, and when she had vanished from my gaze what had I but mathematical considerations to console me? "She may be limited and superficial," I said to myself. "She may even be without depth. But she is at least equilateral and equiangular—in one word, what is she but a Polygon?"!

LETTER LXIII

TO MAGDALEN MILLARD

Christ Church, December 15, 1875.

My DEAR MAGDALEN,

I want to explain to you why I did not call yesterday. I was sorry to miss you, but you see I had so many conversations on the way. I tried to explain to the people in the street that I was going to see you, but they wouldn't listen; they said they were in a hurry, which was rude. At last I met a

wheelbarrow that I thought would attend to me, but I couldn't make out what was in it. I saw some features at first, then I looked through a telescope, and found it was a countenance; then I looked through a microscope, and found it was a face! I thought it was rather like me, so I fetched a large looking-glass to make sure, and then to my great joy I found it was me. We shook hands, and were just beginning to talk, when myself came up and joined us, and we had quite a pleasant conversation. I said, "Do you remember when we all met at Sandown?" and myself said, "It was very jolly there; there was a child called Magdalen," and me said, "I used to like her a little; not much, you know-only a little." Then it was time for us to go to the train, and who do you think came to the station to see us off? You would never guess, so I must tell you. They were two very dear friends of mine, who happen to be here just now, and beg to be allowed to sign this letter as your affectionate friends,

LEWIS CARROLL and C. L. DODGSON.

LETTER LXIV

TO FLORENCE BALFOUR ("BIRDIE")

Ch. Ch., Oxford, April 6, 1876.

My dear Birdie,

When you have read the "Snark," I hope you will write me a little note and tell me how you like it, and if you can quite understand it. Some children are puzzled with it. Of course you know what a Snark is? If you do, please tell me: for I haven't 'Cf. Letters CXVI, CLXVIII, CLXIX.

an idea what it is like. And tell me which of the pictures you like best.

Your affectionate friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LXV

TO FLORENCE BALFOUR ("BIRDIE")

Ch. Ch. Oxford, Feb. 10, 1882.

My DEAR BIRDIE,

As are the feelings of the old lady who, after feeding her canary and going out for a walk, finds the cage entirely filled on her return, with a live turkey—or of the old gentleman who, after chaining up a small terrier overnight, finds a hippopotamus raging round the kennel in the morning—such are my feelings when, trying to recall the memory of a small child who went to wade in the sea at Sandown, I meet with the astonishing photograph of the same microcosm suddenly expanded into a tall young person, whom I should be too shy to look at, even with the telescope which would no doubt be necessary to get any distinct idea of her smile, or at any rate to satisfy oneself whether she had eyebrows or not!

There! that long sentence has exhausted me, and I have only strength to say, "Thank you very sincerely for the two photographs,"—they are terribly lifelike! Are you going to be at Sandown next summer? It is just possible I may be running over there for two or three days; but Eastbourne is always my head-quarters now.

Believe me, yours affectionately, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS LXVI-LXXIV

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

MISS GERTRUDE CHATAWAY (now Mrs. Atkinson), in her reminiscences of Mr. Dodgson (see Collingwood's Life, p. 379), has told how, as a small child, she first made his acquaintance at Sandown in the summer of 1875. He made a pencil-sketch of her on the sands (see reproduction, facing p. 107) and afterwards took her photograph in the "beach dress" to which he refers—a dark-blue jersey, with serge knickerbockers and a fisherman's cap. The Verses embodying an acrostic on her name (Letter LXXII) are to be found at the beginning of The Hunting of the Snark with the heading: "Inscribed to a dear Child, in memory of golden summer hours and whispers of a summer sea." The late Cardinal Newman expressed the opinion that they were written under the influence of The Christian Year and were entirely "of the school of Keble."

LETTER LXVI

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

Christ Church, Oxford. October 13, 1875.

My DEAR GERTRUDE,

I never give birthday presents, but you see I do sometimes write a birthday letter: so, as I've just arrived here, I am writing this to wish you many and many a happy return of your birthday to-morrow. I will drink your health, if only I can remember, and if you don't mind—but perhaps you object? You

see, if I were to sit by you at breakfast, and to drink your tea, you wouldn't like that, would you? You would say "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson's drunk all my tea, and I haven't got any left!" So I am very much afraid, next time Sybil looks for you, she'll find you sitting by the sad sea-wave, and crying "Boo! hoo! Here's Mr. Dodgson has drunk my health, and I haven't got any left!" And how it will puzzle Dr. Maund, when he is sent for to see you! "My dear Madam, I'm very sorry to say your little girl has got no health at all! I never saw such a thing in my life!" "Oh, I can easily explain it!" your mother will say. "You see she would go and make friends with a strange gentleman, and yesterday he drank her health!" "Well, Mrs. Chataway," he will say, "the only way to cure her is to wait till his next birthday, and then for her to drink his health."

And then we shall have changed healths. I wonder how you'll like mine! Oh, Gertrude, I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense!...

> your loving friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LXVII

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

Christ Church, Oxford, Dec. 9, 1875.

My DEAR GERTRUDE,

This really will not do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post: the parcel gets so heavy it is quite expensive. When the postman brought in the last letter, he looked quite grave. "Two pounds to pay, sir!" he said. "Extra weight, sir!" (I think he cheats a little, by the way. He often makes me pay two pounds, when I think it should be pence.) "Oh, if you please, Mr. Postman!" I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to a postman—it's a very pretty sight), "do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!"

"Only from a little girl!" he growled. "What are little girls made of?" "Sugar and spice," I began to say, "and all that's ni—" but he interrupted me. "No! I don't mean that. I mean, what's the good of little girls, when they send such heavy letters?" "Well, they're not much good,

certainly," I said, rather sadly.

"Mind you don't get any more such letters," he said, "at least, not from that particular little girl. I know her well, and she's a regular bad one!" That's not true, is it? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him we would send each other very few more letters—"Only two thousand four hundred and seventy, or so," I said. "Oh!" he said, "a little number like that doesn't signify. What I meant is, you mustn't send many."

So you see we must keep count now, and when we get to two thousand four hundred and seventy, we mustn't write any more, unless the postman gives us leave.

I sometimes wish I was back on the shore at Sandown; don't you?

Your loving friend, Lewis Carroll.

Why is a pig that has lost its tail like a little girl on the sea-shore?

Because it says, "I should like another tale, please!"

LETTER LXVIII

TO MR. CHATAWAY

The Chestnuts
Guildford
April 13, 1876.

MRS. CHATAWAY will hardly have expected me, in such weather as we have had, to propose your coming over for a photographic Day—But if the weather should turn warm, I shall be delighted to welcome you any day after next week . . . unless the weather is warm, it would be cruel to ask my little friend to dress in her beach dress, which is one I particularly want to do her in, being the one in which I have oftenest seen her, and best know her. She must not forget to bring that dress when you do come.

I remain

Yours most truly C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LXIX

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

Ch. Ch. Oxford Feb. 11/77

My DEAREST GERTRUDE,

Is there any chance of your being in London in the course of the next 4 weeks? I should like to

take you to see "Goody Two Shoes," the Pantomime at the Adelphi Theatre—It is all acted by children (there are nearly 100 in it) and two of them, the little Clown & Columbine, are friends of mine, wery nice children they are—& wonderfully clever—I wonder if you have ever seen a Pantomime at all? If not, your education is quite incomplete, & you had better tell your parents that they mustn't put your lessons in the wrong order.—The next lesson ought to be "Pantomime": then "French," then "German," and so on—It never does to begin education at the end, & work back: that will only confuse your poor brain—

From

your loving friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LXX

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

Reading Station, April 13, 1878.

My DEAR GERTRUDE,

As I have to wait here for half an hour, I have been studying Bradshaw (most things, you know, ought to be studied: even a trunk is studded with nails), and the result is that it seems I could come, any day next week, to Winckfield, so as to arrive there about one; and that, by leaving Winckfield again about half-past six, I could reach Guildford again for dinner. The next question is, How far is it from Winckfield to Rotherwick? Now do not deceive me, you wretched

¹ Bertie and Carrie Coote. See Life, p. 179.

child! If it is more than a hundred miles, I can't come to see you, and there is no use to talk about it. If it is less, the next question is, How much less? These are serious questions, and you must be as serious as a judge in answering them. There mustn't be a smile in your pen, or a wink in your ink (perhaps you'll say, "There can't be a wink in ink: but there may be ink in a wink"—but this is trifling; you mustn't make jokes like that when I tell you to be serious) while you write to Guildford and answer these two questions. You might as well tell me at the same time whether you are still living at Rotherwick-and whether you are at home-and whether you get my letter-and whether you're still a child, or a grown-up person-and whether you're going to the seaside next summer-and anything else (except the alphabet and the multiplication table) that you happen to know. I send you 10,000,000 kisses, and remain

> Your loving friend, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LXXI

TO GERTRUDE CHATAWAY

(Jan. 8/92).

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

(The friendship is old, though the child is young.) I wish you a very happy New Year, and many of them, to you and yours; but especially to you, because I know you best and love you most. And I pray God to bless you, dear child, in this bright New Year, and many a year to come.

. . . I write all this from my sofa, where I have

been confined a prisoner for six weeks, and as I dreaded the railway journey, my doctor and I agreed that I had better not go to spend Christmas with my sisters at Guildford. So I had my Christmas dinner all alone, in my room here, and (pity me, Gertrude!) it wasn't a Christmas dinner at all—I suppose the cook thought I should not care for roast beef or plum pudding, so he sent me (he has general orders to send either fish and meat, or meat and pudding) some fried sole and some roast mutton! Never, never have I dined before, on Christmas Day, without plum pudding. Wasn't it sad? Now I think you must be content; this is a longer letter than most will get. Love to Olive. My clearest memory of her is of a little girl calling out "Good-night" from her room, and of your mother taking me in to see her in her bed, and wish her goodnight. I have yet a clearer memory (like a dream of fifty years ago) of a little bare-legged girl in a sailor's jersey, who used to run up into my lodgings by the sea. But should I trouble you with foolish reminiscences of mine that cannot interest you?

Yours always lovingly

C. L. Dodgson.

Date unknown.

Please tell your father I've been meaning to write to him, for ever so long, in answer to a letter in which he said he had forwarded to you, a letter from me; and had opened and read it before doing so; for which he added a (most unnecessary) apology. I wanted to say that I most fully recognised the right of parents to open letters addressed to their children, and thought it an entirely right and proper thing to do, and one that needed no apology whatever.

LETTER LXXII

TO MRS. CHATAWAY

Ch. Ch. Oct. 25/75.

DEAR MRS. CHATAWAY,

I send you some verses written last night and finished this morning (please don't show them to anyone but Mr. Chataway, just at present), as to which I shall be much obliged if you will kindly give me leave to print them, if I should find occasion to do so. They embody, as you will see, some of my recollections of pleasant days at Sandown—but they do not embody, as they might well have done, my grateful feelings to yourself, for the society, so liberally granted to me at all times and seasons, of one of the sweetest children it has ever been my happiness to meet.

May she grow up to be (as I cannot doubt she will, unless she meets with quite other influences than those she is under now) as delightful a woman as she is a child, and be the household treasure of some happy man, "far on in Summers that I shall not see!"

Sincerely yours
C. L. Dodgson.

Girt with a boyish garb for boyish task,
Eager she wields her spade—yet loves as well
Rest on a friendly knee, the tale to ask
That he delights to tell.

Rude spirits of the seething outer strife,
Unmeet to read her pure and simple spright,
Deem, if you list, such hours a waste of life,
Empty of all delight!

Chat on, sweet maid, and rescue from annoy Hearts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled! Ah, happy he who owns that tenderest joy, The heart-love of a child!

Away, fond thoughts, and vex my soul no more!
Work claims my wakeful nights, my busy days;
Albeit bright memories of that sunlit shore
Yet haunt my dreaming gaze!

Lewis Carroll Ch. Ch. Oct. 25. 1875.

LETTER LXXIII

TO MRS. CHATAWAY

Ch. Ch. Oxford Oct. 28. 1875.

DEAR MRS. CHATAWAY,

Many thanks for the delicious ½ carte of Gertrude. I can't feel sure from your letter whether you have or have not noticed that the verses embody her name—They do it in two ways—by letters, and by syllables—the only acrostic of that kind I have ever seen—Will that make any difference in the leave you give to print the verses? If I print them, I shan't tell anyone it is an acrostic—but someone will be sure to find it out before long.

In haste
Sincerely yours
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LXXIV

TO MRS. CHATAWAY

Ch. Ch. Oxford Nov: 7, 1875.

DEAR MRS. CHATAWAY,

With the exception of my Publisher, Printer, and Artist, and my own family, I have told nobody yet of my intention of bringing out a little Christmas book. And I think you are the next person to whom the announcement ought to be made, because I have taken as a dedication, the verses I sent you the other day in MS. It will be a very small book-not 40 pages-a poem (supposed to be comic) with a frontispiece by Mr. Holiday. The advertisements will appear about the middle of this month, I suppose, and till then I should be glad if you would not let the name of the book go beyond 'your own family-circle---. I don't mind the fact, that the book is in the press, being known—but the name ought to be new when it It is called "The Hunting of the Snark," 1 and the scene is laid in an island frequented by the Jubjub and Bandersnatch—no doubt the very island in which the Jabberwock was Slain.2

When I receive the 2 cartes of Gertrude in beachattire—may I order a few unmounted prints of the best from Debenham? I want to insert them in a few copies of the book opposite to the Dedicatory verses— If you remember which it was I admired most, perhaps

Published in 1875 (Macmillan & Co.)
 See "Through the Looking-Glass."

you would order half-a-dozen un-mounted prints, which would save time—

Believe me

yours very sincerely C. L. Dodgson.

I send love, and a kiss to Gertrude—But I shan't do it again, unless she sends some message to me!

LETTER LXXV

TO A CHILD AT THE SEASIDE

(On a very small single sheet.)

OH child, child! I kept my promise yesterday afternoon, and came down to the sea, to go with you along the rocks: but I saw you going with another gentleman, so I thought I wasn't wanted just yet: so I walked about a bit, and when I got back I couldn't see you anywhere, though I went a good way on the rocks to look. There was a child in pink that looked you: but when I got up to her it was the wrong child: however that wasn't her fault, poor thing. She couldn't help being a stranger. So I helped her with her sand-castles, and then I went home. I didn't cry all the way.

Your loving friend

C. L. DODGSON.

LETTER LXXVI

TO MARION TERRY

(See Introduction, p. 10.)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Mar. 27. 1876.

MY DEAR POLLY,

I am going to pretend that you are a child again (almost the clearest picture of you in my memory is the very first time I saw you in my life, when you came timidly creeping in, following your grand stagemother, Mrs. Stirling, at the St. James' Theatre) and send you a copy of "The Hunting of the Snark." Only I cannot be certain what name to put in it. Please tell me, truly and candidly, what your real names are—I mean the names entered in the baptismal register, not the names you use now—and, if "Marion" is really one of them, why was I allowed to inscribe 'Alice' with the names "Mary Ann Bessy"? Please clear up this mystery, & so remove a great load (which I feel is ageing me prematurely) from the mind of

Yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

Love to Flossie—unless she prefers to be called "Florence," in which case I will modify the love, & substitute "sincere regards."

No. LXXVII

THE following verses were inscribed on the fly-leaf of a copy of *The Hunting of the Snark* given by the Author to Miss Marion Terry, 16th August, 1876. The initial letters of each line form an acrostic upon her name.

Maiden, though thy heart may quail And thy quivering lip grow pale, Read the Bellman's tragic tale!

Is it Life of which it tells?
Of a pulse that sinks and swells,
Never lacking chime of bells?

Bells of sorrow, bells of cheer, Easter, Christmas, glad New Year, Still they sound, afar, anear.

So may Life's sweet bells for thee, In the summers yet to be, Evermore make melody!

LEWIS CARROLL.

Aug. 15. 1876.

LETTERS LXXVIII-LXXIX

TO INA AND MARY WATSON

(Daughters of the Rev. George William Watson.)

HARRIET, Mary and Ina Watson lived at Guildford, and Lewis Carroll made their acquaintance in 1869. He used to call the three sisters "Harmarina." They are mentioned in a letter to Mary MacDonald, see p. 31.

LETTER LXXIX

TO MARY WATSON

Ch. Ch. Dec. 3/1876.

MY DEAR MARY,

Though the Mann ¹ in Hastings cannot supply the carte, the mann in Oxford is equally grateful to you for all your trouble.

Thanks also for the information about your ages and birthdays. By careful calculation I find you are just two years and two months older than me (I mean the three of you)—So I send my respectful love, and am yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LXXX

TO ADELAIDE PAINE

June, 7, 1876.

My DEAR ADELAIDE,

Did you try if the letters at the beginnings of the lines about Father William would spell anything? Sometimes it happens that you can spell out words that way, which is very curious.

I wish you could have heard him when he shouted out "Pack it up in brown paper!" It quite shook the house. And he threw one of his shoes at his son's head (just to make him attend, you know), but it missed him.

He was glad to hear you had got the book safe, but his eyes filled with tears as he said, "I sent her my

¹ A photographer named Mann.

love, but she never——" he couldn't say any more, his mouth was so full of bones (he was just finishing a roast goose).

LETTER LXXXI

TO ADELAIDE PAINE

Christ Church, Oxford, March 8, 1880.

My dear Ada,

(Isn't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is dreadfully busy one hasn't time to write such long words-particularly when it takes one half an hour to remember how to spell it—and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase where it has been for months and months, and has got all covered with dust-so one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it-and when one has made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, even then there's the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "A" comes-for one feels pretty certain it isn't in the middle-then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves—for they've got so thick with dust one hardly knows them by sight—and, as likely as not, the soap is lost, and the jug is empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding thingsand perhaps after all one has to go off to the shop to buy a new cake of soap-so, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying, "My dear Ada"). You said in your last letter you

would like a likeness of me: so here it is, and I hope you will like it—I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington.

your very affectionate friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LXXXII

TO BERTIE -

(The only letter obtainable addressed to a little boy!)

The Chestnuts.
Guildford.
June 9
(year not known).

My DEAR BERTIE,

I would have been very glad to write to you as you wish, only there are several objections. I think, when you have heard them, you will see that I am right in saying 'No'.

The first objection is, I've got no ink—You don't believe it? Ah, you should have seen the ink there was in my days! (About the time of the battle of Waterloo: I was a soldier in that battle). Why, you had only to pour a little of it on the paper, and it went on by itself! *This* ink is so stupid, if you begin a word for it, it can't even finish it by itself.

The next objection is, I've no time. You don't believe that, you say? Well, who cares? You should have seen the time there was in my days! (At the time of the battle of Waterloo, where I led a regiment). There were always 25 hours in the day—sometimes 30 or 40.

The third and greatest objection is, my great dislike

for children. I don't know why, I'm sure: but I hate them—just as one hates armchairs and plum-pudding! You don't believe that, don't you? Did I ever say you would? Ah, you should have seen the children there were in my days! (Battle of Waterloo, where I commanded the English army.' I was called 'the Duke of Wellington' then, but I found it a great bother having such a long name, so I changed it to 'Mr. Dodgson'. I chose that name because it begins with the same letter as 'Duke'.) So you see it would never do to write to you.

Have you any sisters? I forget. If you have, give them my love. I am much obliged to your Uncle and Aunt for letting me keep the photograph.

I hope you won't be much disappointed at not getting a letter from

Your affectionate friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS LXXXIII-LXXXVI

TO MAY FORSHALL

When May Forshall was very small she went to stay in Oxford and was introduced to Mr. Dodgson by Mr. Sampson, one of his fellow-dons at Christ Church. She was allowed as a great treat to go all alone to have lunch with him and also to be photographed in a beach-costume like the one worn by Gertrude Chataway. She was not very old, and to her dismay, when she came to re-dress, she found that she could neither button her boots nor tie up her own hair. She struggled and tussled in vain, while Mr. Dodgson kept tapping impatiently at the door, asking if she would

never be ready. At last she had to confess her difficulties, with much embarrassment. Swiftly Mr. Dodgson came to the rescue, fastened her boots and with skilful fingers tied a large bow on the top of her head!

The "madrigal" (as follows) crossed her gift of an embroidered mat which she had sent him for Christmas:

He shouts amain, he shouts again,

(Her brother, fierce, as bluff King Hal),

"I tell you flat, I shall do that!"

She softly whispers "' May' for 'shall!'"

He wistful sighed one eventide
(Her friend, that made this Madrigal),
"And shall I kiss you, pretty Miss!"
Smiling she answered "' May' for 'shall'!"

With eager eyes my reader cries,
"Your friend must be indeed a valuable child, so sweet, so mild!
What do you call her?" "May For shall."

LETTER LXXXIII

TO MAY FORSHALL

The Chestnuts. Guildford. Dec. 27/77.

MY DEAR MAY,

Who could have guessed that the Post was taking, on the very same Christmas-Day, a

Mat for Me, and a Madrigal for

May! I hope those are enough M's for you, my dear? If not, tell me, and I'll send you a few more.

I was very much pleased to get the little mat: I think presents are much more valuable when they're made for you, and I shall value this one very much, and it will always remind me of my little friend May. Thank you very much for it.

Yours affectionately,

Lewis Carroll.

LETTER LXXXIV

TO MAY FORSHALL

Ch. Ch. Feb. 4/78.

My dear May,

Which is your name, "Mary Frances" or "Frances May"? When you were here, some one said it was "Mary Frances," and now you say it's "Frances May." The confusion is making me quite ill. I go wandering about the College in a helpless sort of way, and every now and then I run against Mr. Sampson, and, when I've made out who it is, I say "which is it, Mary Frances, or Frances May?" and he blinks at me, and says sleepily "Ah, which?" and then I go wandering on till I run up against him again.

It's all your fault, and you ought to do something

about it, you know you ought.

I hope your Papa is getting better again.

Yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER LXXXV

TO MAY FORSHALL

Ch. Ch. Mar. 6/79

My DEAR MAY,

Do you ever play at games? Or is your idea of life "breakfast, lessons, dinner, lessons, tea, lessons, bed, lessons, breakfast, lessons," and so on? It is a a very neat plan of life, and almost as interesting as being a sewing-machine or a coffee-grinder. (By the way, that is a very interesting question-please answer it-which would you like most to be, of those two things?) To return to the subject, if you ever do play games, would you see how you like my new game 'Lanrick'? I have been inventing it for about two months, and the rules have been changed almost as often as you change your mind during dinner, when you say "I'll have meat first and then pudding-no, I'll have pudding first and then meat—no, I'll have both at once—no, I'll have neither." To return to the subject, if you can think of any improvement in the Rules, please tell me. Do you know the way to improve children? Re-proving them is the best way.

Mr. Sampson doesn't send you his love: in fact I haven't asked him: in fact, perhaps he would rather not, and it would be extremely awkward for him if I asked him to send love, and he had nothing but hatred handy. Don't you think it the safest not to mention it to him? To return to the subject, do you know where the motto about 'Lanrick' comes from?'

Your affectionate friend

C. L. Dodgson.

^{1 &}quot;The muster-place be Lanrick mead." Scott: The Lady of the Lake. Ed.

LETTER LXXXVI

TO MAY FORSHALL

Ch. Ch. Dec. 24/83.

My DEAR MAY,

I have only time to send you with this my love and a ki

T.O.

"a kind remembrance" of course I meant—
Yours affectionately,
C. L. D.

LETTER LXXXVII

TO MENELLA WILCOX

(Mr. Dodgson's Cousin.)

July 14, 1877. Grosvenor House, 44, Grand Parade Eastbourne.

My dear Nella,

If Eastbourne was only a mile off from Scarborough, I would come and see you tomorrow; but it is such a long way to come! There was a little girl running up and down the parade yesterday, and she always ended her run exactly where I was sitting; she just looked up in my face, and then off she went again. So when she had been about six times, I smiled at her, and she smiled at me and ran away again; and the next time I held out my hand, and she shook hands directly; and I said, "Will you give me that piece of seaweed?" and she said "No!" and ran away again. And the next time I said, "Will you cut off a little bit of the seaweed for me?" And she said, "But I

haven't got a pair of scissors!" So I lent her that folding pair of scissors, and she cut off a little bit very carefully, and gave it to me and ran away again. But in a moment she came back and said, "I'm frightened that my Mother won't like you to keep it!" so I gave it back again, and I told her to ask her Mother to get a needle and thread, and sew the two bits of seaweed together again; and she laughed, and said she would keep the two bits in her pocket. Wasn't she a queer little vegetable? I'm glad you don't keep running away all the time we are talking. Is Matilda Jane quite well? And has she been running out in the rain again without her shoes on!

Give my love to your Mamma, and to your Aunt Lucy; not my Aunt Lucy, because she is at Guildford.

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

LETTER LXXXVIII

TO MENELLA WILCOX

Ch. Ch., Oxford. October 20th, 1878.

My DEAR NELLA,

Thank you very much for the napkin ring, but do you know I never use anything of the sort, so I hope you won't mind giving it to somebody else instead, and if you really want to make something for me, make me a little bag (say a square bag about the size of this note sheet): that would be really useful, and I should be really glad to have it. And work your initials on it, and then I shall always remember who made it for me. Now I'll tell you something. The other day,

¹ Nella's doll.

at Eastbourne, I saw—what do you think? Of course you guess "a Snark." Well, no; it wasn't quite that, but it was very near it. I went to see a lady who was taking care of a little girl called "Bibby" (she comes from India and is seven years old. I wish they would send her to your Mama to take care of; I am sure you would love her), and her little brother came into the room, and I suppose he began doing some mischief or other, for the lady called out suddenly, "Oh Boojum! you mustn't touch that." Wasn't it a grand thing to see a live Boojum at last? I am happy to say I didn't vanish away; but then, you see I'm not a Baker. I don't know what Boojum's real name is. Bibby's real name is "Clare" (isn't that a pretty name?)—"Clare Turton."

It's the middle of the night, so good-night. I must go to bed. I send you my best love and fourteen kisses, which ought to last you a week.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER LXXXIX

TO MENELLA WILCOX

November 19th (? 1878).

My DEAR NELLA,

What a darling little bag it is! And it will be very useful to me; it'll hold anything I want to take with me—buttercups, or live mice, or anything. And I thank you very much for it. I shall always think of you when I use it.

Your loving cousin, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XC

TO MENELLA WILCOX

7, Lushington Road, Eastbourne, July 20, 1886.

My Dear Nella,

Many years ago, when you were quite young, and before your hair had even begun to turn gray (do you remember the time?) I wrote for you (or rather for your doll) a little song called "Matilda Jane"—if you happen still to have it, or if you can remember it, I should be glad to have the words. There were only four verses of it, so it ought not to take you long to copy it out.

I'm down here all alone, but as happy as a king—at least, as happy as *some* kings—at any rate I should think I'm about as happy as King Charles the First when he was in prison.

C. L. Dodgson.

The verses referred to were as here given. Mr. Dodgson evidently required them for Sylvie and Bruno Concluded, in which they were subsequently published (1893) as well as in the Collected Verse (1932) p. 380.

Matilda Jane, you never look

At any toy or picture-book;
I show you pretty things in vain,
You must be blind, Matilda Jane!

I ask you riddles, tell you tales, But all our conversation fails; You never answer me again, I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!

Matilda, darling, when I call You never seem to hear at all; I shout with all my might and main, But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind, For though you're deaf, and dumb, and blind, There's some one loves you, it is plain. And that is me, Matilda Jane!

LETTER XCI

TO LUCY WILCOX

(Cousin, aunt to Menella.)

Ch. Ch. Nov. 22/77.

MY DEAR LUCY,

I shall hope to hear, in a post or two, that you have safely passed through the perils of a journey in the dark, and that an hour of the society of Miss Smith (one of the most learned ladies in Oxford)¹ has really 'opened your mind' and poured in as much wisdom as it was capable of containing.

This morning I am compelled to write if only to say that I now regard you as a form of Destiny (let us say, as one of the Fates or one of the Furies) as you are simply bringing on me a flood of strange young ladies, who ask my hospitality and assistance with a simple and touching confidence suggestive of young—shall we say 'lambs'?

As if it were not enough to have to lunch and lionize Miss K. Terry, and then yourself, this morning comes a letter from a strange young lady down in Cornwall,

¹ Miss Eleanor Smith, sister of Dr. Henry Smith, Professor of Astronomy and Keeper of the University Museum.

who, after a few introductory remarks, confides to me that she has left school 2 years, and is in want of mental occupation—that she has joined a club of young ladies who are to set each other questions for 'research,' but they want an 'Examiner' to look over and correct the answers! Each young lady is to ask 3 questions a month, and apparently the other 11 are to answer them. That makes 396 answers per month to correct! I pleaded want of time in answer to her request to be their 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' Would you like to undertake the post? I would recommend you as a lady of varied tastes and much experience—one who has been abroad, has seen University life etc.

Yours afftely

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XCII

TO LUCY WILCOX

Ch. Ch. 24th. Nov. 1877.

"The three Furies" are at it still! This morning I have received letters from all three: and the three Christian names, Katie, Lucy and Agnes (so painfully suggestive of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos), place the thing beyond a doubt that they are *Furies* not Fates.

You must hold my letters up to the looking-glass to read them, and then you will see that the "words of unmeant bitterness" all go the other way in their inner meaning. There are very few things that I have had to do here for a good while back, that I have enjoyed half so much as the day's entertaining of a certain cousin. And for the walk to Magdalen Bridge in the moonlight I shall ever be grateful to you. I should

K

never have done it alone, and the memory of it is quite a little oasis—or shall we say a sandwich, in my monotonous life here. Why shouldn't we enjoy things we "have to" do? Why I believe even the beaver that had to go up the tree was glad to do it. At least, you know, it could have stayed below if it had liked.

I find that young lady's Club only do 3 plays a month—not 330 as I supposed. She sends me last month's questions:—

- (1) "Give an account of the state of religious feeling in England between 1540 and 1560."
- (2) "Describe Sir W. Scott's treatment of historical characters."
- (3) "Write on the laws of health, and give an idea of a practical dietary for poor people."

Won't even this tempt you to be their examiner? Aren't they ambitious young ladies?

LETTER XCIII

TO LUCY WILCOX

Ch. Ch. June 6/82.

My DEAR LUCY,

You certainly are a mysterious young person. On Friday I got a note from you Here is Tuesday noon, and not another word! Deliberation is all very well: but it is possible to be too deliberate. Let me suggest that the maturity of judgement which, when there is only a range of 5 or 6 days during which a thing is possible, delays to the last of those days the decision whether it shall be attempted, is a maturity not so much suggestive of the perfectly ripened fruit

as of the too-aged egg. V.S.S. [then follow suggestions as to meeting] . . . In either case, could you come with me to the Court Theatre on Monday night? I have sent for a couple of tickets, as I want to see Marion Terry in the "Paryenu". . . .

LETTERS XCIV-CVIII

TO AGNES HULL (MRS. GRAHAM KEITH)

Mr. Dodgson's intercourse with the family of Mr. Henry Charles Hull, a barrister from London, began one summer evening in the year 1877, when he first saw them from afar, standing in a group on the sands at Eastbourne. He made friends with Mr. and Mrs. Hull and thus gained an introduction to the four daughters, Alice, Agnes, Eveline and Jessie, with their brother Amyatt (afterwards Major-General Sir Amyatt Hull, K.C.B.). He saw much of them that year and the acquaintance was continued after their return to town. They were lively children and he teased them unmercifully, pretending that they only tolerated his presence because of the treats he gave them. He delighted in the sayings of little Jessie, the youngest (see p. 74), but Agnes was his favourite, and he kept a special note-book, frequently referred to in his letters, in which he wrote down the riddles, acrostics and verses he composed for her benefit. "The Lawyer's Daughter" (given in facsimile opposite p. 147) he pretended to have found written on a torn piece of paper. It describes the delight inspired by a visit to the Lyceum Theatre, where the little girl of thirteen-"one of the loveliest children in London "-was held

spellbound by the charms of Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Dodgson afterwards gave an account of this eventful afternoon in a letter to Helen Feilden (see p. 172). "Fury" (p. 144) was a fox-terrier belonging to Eveline which went mad, and had to be shot in the dining-room one evening when Mr. Dodgson was with them—much to his concern.

LETTER XCIV

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch., Oxford. Dec. 10. '77.

My DEAR AGNES,

At last I've succeeded in forgetting you! It's been a very hard job, but I took 6 "lessons in forgetting" at half-a-crown a lesson. After three lessons I forgot my own name, and I forgot to go for the next lesson. So the Professor said I was getting on very well "but I hope," he added, "you won't forget to pay for the lessons." I said that would depend on whether the other lessons were good or not: and, do you know, the last of the six lessons was so good, that I forgot everything! I forgot who I was, I forgot to eat my dinner, and so far, I've quite forgotten to pay the man. I will give you his address, as perhaps you would like to take lessons from him, so as to forget me. He lives in the middle of Hyde Park, and his name is Mr. Gnome Emery. It is such a comfort to have forgotten all about Agnes and Evey and . . . and . . . and I feel as happy as the day is short (I would have said "as the day is long" only you see this is winter not summer). Oh! child! child! why have you never been over to Oxford to be photographed? I took a

first-rate photograph only a week ago, but then the sitter (a little girl of ten) had to sit for a minute and a half, the light is so weak now. But if you could get anyone to bring you over, I could do one, even now. I expect to be here till nearly Christmas. What's the use of having a grown-up sister if she can't escort you about England? After Christmas, I hope to go to town and take some children to Pantomimes. My first duty will be to take my friend Evelyn Dubourg (they give me a bed when I come to town) to some theatre or other. She says she is "keeping young" in order to go with me. She isn't grown up yet (she isn't quite sixteen yet but will be in about a week) so she may be excused for childish tastes. After I've taken her I should like to take two of you-or say two and a half, not more. But what is "half a child"? you will say. Well you see most children are partly arms and partly legs, but if a child is all arms or all legs (it doesn't matter which) that's what I call "half a child." I enclose a riddle I've made for you.1 The answer is a word of two syllables. Also some anagrams for your grown-up sister. Love to Evey, and

Believe me your loving friend Lewis Carroll.

They both make a roaring—a roaring all night, I hey both are a fisherman-father's delight, They are both, when in fury, a terrible sight!

The First nurses tenderly three little hulls
To the lullaby-music of shrill-screaming gulls
And laughs when they dimple his face with their skulls.

1 See also p. 74.

The second's a tidyish sort of a lad Who behaves pretty well to a man he calls "Dad" And earns the remark "Well, he isn't so bad!"

Of the two put together, oh what shall I say?
'Tis a time when "to live" means the same as "to play"

When the busiest person does nothing all day:

When the grave College Don, full of lore inexpressible, puts it all by, and is forced to confess he Can think but of Agnes and Evey . . . [and Jessie].

Lewis Carroll Dec. 10. 1877.

[Solution:—Sea-son. Ed.]

LETTER XCV

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch., Oxford. Oct. 17. '78.

Well! Of all the mean things ever done by a young lady of ten to save one penny, I think the sending that precious little book, on which I have spent so many sleepless hours, by book-post, so as to make sure that all its corners should get well bruised on the way, and the book itself should be read all through by the post-office clerks (who always read such books just after putting coals on the fire, so as to leave black thumb-marks all through it), and that the beautiful leather cover should be scratched by the post-office cats — was about the meanest! You hardly deserve to have

¹ The note-book in which he had written down the poems and riddles invented for Agnes Hull.

it back again, you dreadful child! Of course I know your real motive—that you thought, if you sent it by post, I should expect you to write a note with it, and you were too proud to do that! Oh, this pride, this pride! How it spoils a child who would otherwise be quite endurable! And pride of birth is the worst of all. Besides, I don't believe the Hull family is as old as you say: it's all nonsense that idea of yours, that Japhet took the surname Hull because he was the one that built the hull of the Ark—I'm not at all sure that it had a hull. And when you say his wife was called Agnes, and that you are named after her, you know you're simply inventing. And anyhow, I'm descended from Japhet too: so you needn't turn up your nose (and chin, and eyes, and hair) so very high!

The negatives are dried and varnished, and all but the two large ones of you shall go to the printer here. Those two I want to send to London to be left somewhere where the Tunbridge-Wells printer can call for them. That will be a nice little job for Evie. . . .

Your loving friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER XCVI 1

TO AGNES HULL

Oct. 22. '78.

Why, how can she know that no harm has come to it? Surely I must know best, having the book before me from morning to night, and gazing at it for hours together with tear-dimmed eyes? Why, there were several things I didn't even mention, for instance, the number of beetles that had got crushed between the

¹ See facsimile, p. 136. The original is in purple ink.

Some Low She Sundy Imust

leaves. So, when I sign myself 'your loving' you go down a step and say 'your affectionate'. Very well, then I go down another step, and sign myself 'yours truly' Lewis Carroll.

LETTER XCVII

TO AGNES HULL

Christ Church, Oxford. Nov. 16, '78.

My dear Agnes,

I wrote that at 10 o'clock, and now it's half past 2. Just as I wrote it, there was a knock at the door, and in walked a baronet. That is a word you will have to explain to Jessie: no doubt she will think it means a "barrow-net", that is, a net to catch wheel-barrows in. But I don't have to use a net for that: I could easily catch them with my hands, if I wished: but why should I catch wheel-barrows? I shouldn't know what to do with them when I had caught them. So it wasn't a net at all, (tell her), but a live man who has "Sir" before his name—"Sir what-you-may-call-um Thing-um-bob"—(not that that is his real name, you know). Ever since 10, about, I've been lunching and lecturing (sometimes one, sometimes the other) till now—

As to your book, don't you know what a useful virtue patience is? You had better add it to the painfully small stock of virtues you have got at present—(Your character, at present, being made up of two things only—deceit and sulkiness, with perhaps a few grains of greediness). The book is really so disfigured with

dead beetles, I can't possibly send it till it has been to the laundress (and I haven't yet found one who can wash it: it wants a laundress who can "get up" bookmuslin)—Besides, I've only invented one new conundrum, "Why is Agnes like a thermometer?" "Because she won't rise when it's cold "1—and perhaps you wouldn't like that put in. Tell your Mother I am very much obliged for the cartes of E. and J. Send the crippled boy's name and address, and I'll send him an "Easter Greeting."

Your loving friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER XCVIII

TO AGNES HULL

Rev. C. L. Dodgson, Christ Church, Oxford.

Dec. 21, '78.

My dearest Agnes,

Do you know, this almost looks as if you were recovering your temper? It would be a strange thing, and not quite a thing to be wished for—considering what an awful temper it is, even when recovered. It is one of those tempers that one can't help saying "Well! The sooner it's lost and done with, the better!"

I've written to the old fault, and told her she pronounces your name wrong—that it doesn't rhyme to "cheese" but to "cheese". And she says "Why, of

² Eveline and Jessie, her sisters.

^{1 (}The riddle alludes to Agnes' refusal to get up early to go for a walk before breakfast.)

course I said it wrong! I shouldn't be a fault if I didn't do things wrong!" But she says she'll make you a present of the "sneeze," and that you will find it useful this cold weather.

A new Riddle.

"Why does Agnes know more about insects than most people?"

"Because she's deep in entomology."

Your loving friend

Jorra Ziws]

LETTER XCIX

TO AGNES HULL

(On a half-sheet, in purple ink.)

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Dec. 26, '78.

My DEAR AGNES,

I sent you a riddle a few days ago, with one of those 'sham-answers' (I mean an answer that's got the real answer inside it), and I think it is now time to send you the full answer.

- "Why is Agnes more learned in insects than most people?"
- "Because she is so deep in entomology."

Of course you know that 'she' is 'elle'? (At least if you don't, what's the good of your having French lessons?)

"Well!" you will say, "And why is 'elle' deep in

entomology?" Oh, Agnes, Agnes! Can't you spell? Don't you know that "L" is the 7th letter of "entomology"? Almost exactly in the middle of the word: it couldn't be well deeper (unless it happened to be a deeper well, you know). I hope the photos of you in sea-side dress arrived safe.

Your loving friend Lewis Carroll.

LETTER C

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch., Mar. 5. 1879.

My dearest Agnes,

What's the good of sending you the book yet? I haven't put any more in. I keep inventing new riddles, but when I open the book to put it in, I find it's been invented before, and there it is, staring me in the face—as large as life—larger than life—largest than life-so large that it comes out of the book the moment I open it, and sets up shop on its own account. The book is nearly empty now, so many of the riddles have walked off in that way. They have all gone to London: you may easily recognise them as you walk about the streets there: they have all adopted the name of 'Smith' and deal principally in "tea, coffee, pepper, tobacco and snuff: to be drunk on the premisses". I send you a certain quantity of best love, and a certain quantity of second-best to be distributed to the best of your judgment. Only give it to those who love me.

Your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CI

TO AGNES HULL

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Sep. 30, '79.

My darling Agnes,

. . . I think I may safely send this ticket to Eastbourne, as, even if you go to town tomorrow, it will have time to catch you.

Thus you will have plenty of time to gloat over it and read it over. And when Evie reads the "4 to 7" she will clasp her hands and say "Ah! the happiest years of my childhood!" And when Alice reads it, she will say "The ratio of 4 to 7 is the number denoting what multiple or fraction 4 is of 7." And when you read it, you will say "Just the one short bit of the day when we really are free from Mr. Dodgson. He's always bothering here till about 4: and then about 7 he comes again to propose Devonshire Park or some such rubbish!"

So it will give plenty of occupation to those feeble organs you call your "minds."

With love to Evie and Jessie (I don't know what to send to Alice—see if she'll stand "affectionate regards") I am

your ever loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CH

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch. Nov. 26, '79.

... I was very much pleased with the beginning of your letter, and then you took away nearly all the pleasure by telling me it is only because I am going to take you to the Lyceum that you are so affectionate! I don't care a bit for such affection. Do you care for the affection of a cat that only purrs and rubs itself against you as long as it thinks there is cream in the cupboard?

So please write next time just as you would as if there was no Lyceum. And please come with me to the Lyceum on the afternoon of Dec. 20, as it happens oddly enough that I've got two tickets for then, and I was puzzling who to offer the other ticket to. I shall be on my way back from Hatfield to Guildford that day, so you mustn't mind if my manner is a little grand at first: you see I shall come fresh from being among lords and ladies, so how can I help despising an untitled child? But it'll soon pass off, and my chin will settle down again to its usual level. I hope you won't be very much frightened at coming without Alice: 2 I'll bring a little hay for you to munch if you feel faint. No end of love and kisses to Evie and Jessie. I'm afraid there's no use in saying "and the same to you," for, if I never leave off kissing them, how in the world can I begin on you? Your ever loving friend

LEWIS CARROLL.

¹ This became a favourite joke.

² Her elder sister.

LETTER CIII

TO AGNES HULL

Dec. 15. '79.

MY . A G . . NES,

Of course I know the *real* reason why Eveline won't write: she is awfully angry at my leaving her out of my second offer: first I offered to take *her*, Jessie, and Amyatt, to the children's Pinafore; and now I'm only taking Jessie and Amyatt to the Strand. However, this is the way I divide my treats:—

Tragedies " Merchant of Venice Alice offered but declined Amyatt none yet " Merchant of Venice" Agnes offered and accepted though not meaning to come Eveline none yet "Bunchy." Jessie Musical Plays. " Madame Favart" Oct. 4. Alice do. To go Dec. 20. Amyatt Agnes do. Oct. 4. **Eveline** do. Oct. 4. Jessie do. to go Dec. 20.

A Selection from the Letters of Other Treats.

Alice	a lecture on "Discount" . offered but declined.
Amyatt	my congratulations on his success at Charter- house
Agnes	a kiss—offered but declined.
Eveline	taking "Fury" off her hands for two days.
Jessie	an introduction to the Pope. offered, and accepted.

So what is really due to Evie is a *tragedy*. Do get her to see that, and not be quite so angry: tell her "fury" doesn't suit children like *her*.

Your loving friend

C. L. D.

LETTER CIV

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch. Dec. 18. '79.

MY DARLING AGGIE,

... Really you mustn't begin to believe my letters to be all meant seriously, or I shall be so frightened I shan't dare to write to you: of course when I said I thought Evie was angry because I wasn't going to take her to "Madame Favart," I was only talking nonsense. It's a way I have. And so you think we're going to meet soon? And that there

¹ Her fox-terrier; see Introductory Note.

isn't time for many more letters? Now to me it seems, oh such a long way off! Hours and hours: 30 or 40 at least. And I should say there is plenty of time for *fifteen* more letters—4 to-day, 8 tomorrow, and 3 on Saturday morning. You'll get so used to hearing the postman's knock, that at least you'll only say "oh, another letter from Mr. Dodgson, of course!" and when the maid brings it in, you'll only say "haven't time to read it: put it in the fire!"

My love to Alice, and tell her not to be nervous about the examination. In the Oxford examinations the best candidates are always fancying they will get plucked: but they come out, after all, crowned with beautiful leaves of cauliflowers—and so will she, no doubt.

But I must leave off this letter, or I shan't have comfortable time for my other 4 letters to you to-day. Your loving friend

C. L. D.

LETTER CV

TO AGNES HULL

CH. CH. Oxford. Mar. 25. '81.

My own Aggie,

(Though, when I think of all the pain you have given me, I feel inclined to put the syllables in another order and say "My Agg own ie!") Of course I guessed at once, when I heard that you knew I had been delayed by the snow in getting from London to Oxford, that you had read the paragraph in the Times beginning "One of the passengers delayed on this occasion we need not name: it will be enough to tell

our readers that he was the most distinguished man in England. Not only the tallest, the strongest, the most beautiful—he is all that, but that would be little. He is also the wisest, the most amiable, the most etc etc etc " and I was going to write to you to say how vexed I was that the Editor had made the description so plain, and that I had begged him not to let anyone know I had been in that train—but on second thoughts, I decided that the most truly modest course would be not to write about myself: so I say no more.

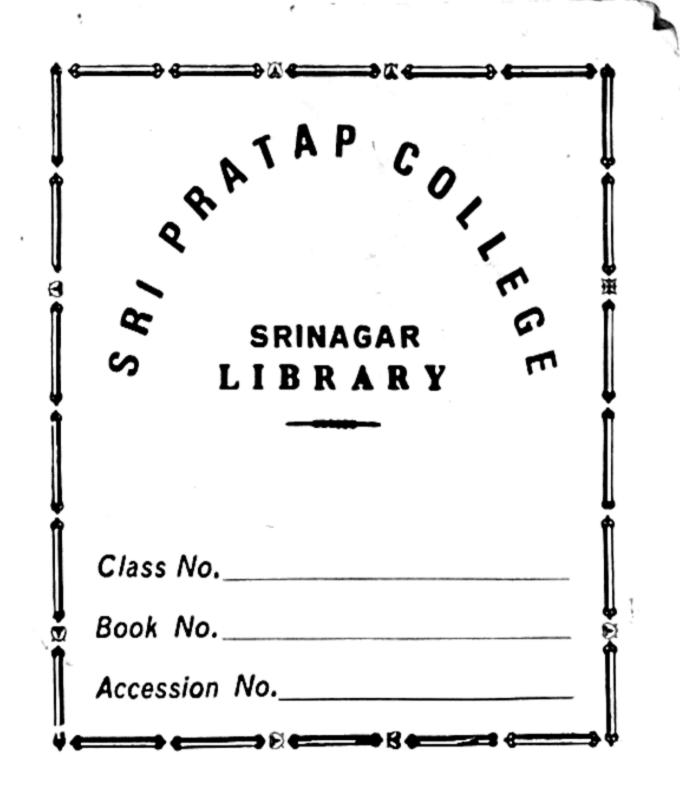
Do you know Tennyson's poem beginning

"It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That sparkles in her ear"?

Well, you will be interested to hear that I have luckily found (among some old papers of Mr. Tennyson's) the original manuscript. It is very much torn: I will give you an exact copy over the page. He has altered it very much since. The first title was "How an Elderly Person took a Young Person to the Play, but could not get her away again." And he had begun it in quite a different metre.

"Two went one day
To visit the play.
One came away:
The other would stay."

See Facsimile, facing p. 147. The original is in purple ink.
 The visit to the Lyceum is described in the letter to Helen Feilden of April 12, '81. See p. 172.



It is the lawyer's daught Arid she is grown so dear, to of The costs me, in one evening, [The income of a year! "you can't have children's love, the con "Unlass you choose to fee 'em! ("And what's your fee, (hild?" replied.) The simply said We vano The Cup. I hoped she'd say I'm grateful to you - very". She murmured, as the Turned and "That lovely ! Compared with her, the rest, " she con "Are just like two or three usus) hereilas stanting Live by tive! We · saw Two Brothers: I confels To me they deemed one man. "Now which is which, Child? (an you The cried "A-course I can! And so I left ten there, & feel in:

Facsimile of Poem to Agnes Hull.

And then he seems to have changed his mind and written it as I now give it to you.

Your ever loving

LEWIS CARROLL.

It is the lawyer's daugh [daughter] And she is grown so dear, so d [dear] She costs me, in one evening, The income of a year! "You can't have children's love," she cr [cried] Unless you choose to fee 'em!" "And what's your fee, Child?" I replied. She simply said [" Lyceum "]

We saw 'the Cup.' I hoped she'd say "I'm grateful to you-very."

She murmured, as she turned aw

[away]

"That lovely

[Ellen Terry]

Compared with her, the rest," she cri

[cried]

Are just like two or three um-

-berellas standing side by side!

O gem of th

[the Lyceum]

We saw 'Two Brothers': 1 I confess

To me they seemed one man.

" Now which is which, Child? you

[guess '']

She cried "A-course I can!"

[&]quot; The Corsican Brothers," which was performed at the same time as "The Cup."

Bad puns like this I always dread,
And am resolved to flee 'em:
And so I left her there, and fl
She lives at

[fled] [the Lyceum]

LETTER CVI

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch. Ap. 21. '81.

Now, you needn't yawn so, and say "What a tiresome letter this is!" I'm going to tell you something about the "Cup," that will interest you. A lady (a cousin of mine) wrote to me that she wished very much to read it—and could I get her a sight of it? (as it isn't published). So I wrote to ask the gem of the Lyceum if she could help us. Immediately there came a parcel by book-post, containing, first, her own printed copy, inscribed "Ellen Terry, from A. Tennyson," with corrections in Tennyson's hand, and memoranda of hers about attitudes and expression of face etc. (what they call "business" on the stage) all of which made it extremely interesting, so that, though I found afterwards that this copy had been packed by mistake, I'm very glad the mistake was made. The other book was a written copy of the first, in an album, beautifully written out by a young lady, a friend of I sent back the printed one, and I've sent the other to my cousin to read. If Miss Terry allows me, I think of copying it out before I return it to her. And if I do, perhaps some day, when you're a very good girl indeed, and haven't been cross that day, I

may let you look at it—with one eye. What! Won't that content you? What a greedy thing you are! Well then, you may use both eyes.

"The Belle's Stratagem" I don't much care for. But it has two very funny scenes. One where "Letitia Hardy" (Miss Ellen Terry), in order to play a trick on Doricourt (Mr. Irving) who has been ordered (in some will or other) to marry her, pretends to be mad. Mr. Irving can be very funny when he likes: and as for her comic acting, no words will describe it! You had better try and imagine it.

Well, I expect you'll say "this letter is quite long enough, Mr. Dodgson!" so I'll leave off.

With best love à vos soeurs (I hope that's good French) I am

Your loving friend

C. L. D.

LETTER CVII

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch. Ap. 30/81.

HATEFUL SPIDER,

(You are quite right. It doesn't matter a bit how one begins a letter, nor, for the matter of that, how one goes on with it, or even how one ends it—and it comes awfully easy, after a bit, to write coldly—easier, if possible, than to write warmly. For instance, I have been writing to the Dean, on College business, and began the letter "Obscure Animalcule," and he is foolish enough to pretend to be angry about it, and to say it wasn't a proper style, and that he will propose to the Vice-Chancellor to expel me from the University: and it is all your fault!) No, I fear I

daren't send the precious book ¹ to your house: it was only lent me for myself and my cousin. But I daresay I shall have it, or a copy of it, with me at Eastbourne, and then, any day you happen to lounge in, by yourself, (I think I see you doing it!) just to amuse yourself with my books, or photographs, or orguinette, while I go on with my work, but still keeping one eye on you to see you do no mischief—why, I don't mind your reading a few lines of it, with one eye, with your other eye all the while beaming with gratitude on me. What did Amyatt think of "the Colonel"? A friend here tells me it is "utter rubbish"!

And so farewell, ever scornfully yours,

C. L. D.

Tell Alice, with my love, I'm going to send her knot V. Has she got III and IV? 2

LETTER CVIII

TO AGNES HULL

Ch. Ch. Jan. 26. '83.

My Dearest Aggie,

(It's no good: I really can't go on writing letters without heads and tails—and I can't call a child "dear" who isn't—so please bear it as well as you can: I will thankfully accept whatever heads and tails you choose to attach to your letters. Not only

¹ Ellen Terry's copy of "The Cup"; see Letter CVI.

² A reference to the Puzzles which were being published at that time in the Monthly Packet—later brought out in book-form, under the title of A Tangled Tale.

your last letter was very welcome, but even its envelope, as its predecessor was getting quite shabby and worn out. Do you want that explained? Well, you're sure it won't make you vain? I keep stamps of different values in old envelopes, and as I'm constantly referring to them, it is pleasant to have handwriting on them which one likes to see, outside: one is generally an "Edith Denman" envelope—and one is generally . . . an "Agnes Hull" envelope. Very weak and foolish, I fear: but I am old, child, I am old. Here ends this parenthesis. Now we shall get on to the real subject of the letter.)

I want to tell you what a Terryble time I have had of it for the last few days. I once knew a young lady who was a frantic admirer of Miss Ellen Terry, and actually treasured up, for some days, some violets given her by that moderately-good actress: but that was nothing compared to the state of mind of my young friend Ethel Arnold 2 (you saw her with me on Wednesday) when I first started with her from Oxford on Saturday morning. She had a wild love of all the Terrys, I believe, but her special idol was Miss Marion Terry, and I had promised to introduce her, if possible. So, when it had been settled that I might take her to my sisters at Guildford, round by London, on Saturday, to return here on Monday, I wrote to Marion to propose calling. She wrote to fix Saturday morning, also telling me that her mother was seriously ill. So I thought it likely that she might prefer our not calling -especially on so busy a day-and had merely said "come" out of kindness to us: and I wrote to say

² See Foreword to Letters LXI-LXII.

¹ He afterwards invented the Wonderland Stamp-case, which was first issued in 1900.

so, and that we were not coming, but that, if I found she really wished it, we would call on Monday. On Saturday afternoon we went to see "Comrades" at the "Court" (it is a poor piece, but the acting is first-rate), and Ethel's great hope was that Marion might send a note round to us in the stalls. And great was her joy when a note came, saying she would be away on Monday morning and asking us to come round to the stage-door for her after the play. That was a new experience for both of us: we sat in the entrance room, and saw the players come out in their ordinary dresses. Mr. Clayton, the manager, glared at us and stalked away. Miss Carlotta Addison came through and I think looked at us rather enquiringly, (as much as to say "Who is that very distinguished looking young man?"). At last Marion appeared, and she and Ethel rushed into-I mean they shook hands. She took us with her in her brougham to Mrs. Morris (Florence Terry that was) in Campden House Road, who was giving a child's party, where the little Lewises and friends were acting a play. But the play was over when we got there. However Mrs. Lewis was there, so that Ethel had now been introduced to 3 of the 4 sisters-Miss Ellen Terry alone remaining unknown. I arranged with Mrs. Lewis that we would come and borrow a child on Monday to take with us to the "Avenue Pantomime." (By the way, you are quite right about the banjo—I took an opera-glass on Monday and made out for certain that the child does play it herself, even while whirling it round.)

On Monday we lunched at Moray Lodge before carrying off Janet for the Pantomime: and Mrs.

Lewis invited us to come on Wednesday to see the little play ("Lady Barbara's Birthday") which was to be repeated at Moray Lodge. To see so unique a performance, I thought it worth while to bring Ethel over a second time: and that is how you came to meet us that day. The play was a treat! Mabel Lewis-the youngest-only about 9-is simply wonderful. I never saw any child's acting to come near it, with the one exception of Miss Ellen Terry when she was a child. Mr. Gilbert (the author of "Patience") was there and I had a little talk with him. But what charmed Ethel most, I think, is that Mrs. Wardell (Miss Ellen Terry) was there. She was constantly being summoned by the children to go round behind the scenes and help, so that she was only about $\frac{1}{2}$ her time among the audience. All the 4 sisters were there: I never met all four at once before. Ethel was actually introduced to Miss E. T. three times. She had driven by us as we walked up to the house, and I had bowed to her: so, when she found Ethel in the ladies' cloak-room taking off her walking-things, she shook hands with her, saying "I don't know who you are, but I saw you walking with Mr. Dodgson," and Ethel had to introduce herself. Then in the drawing-room she was sitting just in front of us and began talking, and I had to introduce Ethel again and explain who she was. When the play was over and we all stood up, Miss E. T. was talking, in a very excited way, to me about "Much Ado," and all the while (I don't believe she the least knew she was doing it) she was arranging and rearranging Ethel's bead necklace -pulling it about her neck into all possible positions. Ethel bore it very meekly. Lastly, when we were in

the hall, just going off, Marion was talking with Ethel, when up came Miss E. T. and threw her arms round her sister. "Now, Polly," she said, "perhaps you'll enlighten me as to who this young lady is!" And when the third introduction had been performed, "what a stupid mistake!" she cried, "but I thought Mr. Dodgson had two young ladies with him. You look quite different with your hat on, and ever so much taller!" Altogether I think Ethel regards it as a very eventful day, and will probably remember it as long as somebody remembered those violets!

There! I've told you all the Terryble Tale. And you're quite tired of reading it: and my pen is out of breath: so I'll only sign myself your (whether loved or not) loving

C. L. Dodgson.

P.S. Edith has just come in, and sends you her love. She is visiting Oxford with her fiancé.

LETTER CIX

TO JESSIE SINCLAIR

Ch. Ch., Oxford. Jan. 22, 1878.

My DEAR JESSIE,

I liked your letter better than anything I have had for some time. I may as well just tell you a few of the things I like, and then, whenever you want to give me a birthday present (my birthday comes once every seven years, on the fifth Tuesday in April) you will know what to give me. Well, I like, very much indeed, a little mustard with a bit of beef spread

¹ See p. 173.

thinly under it; and I like brown sugar-only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too sweet; but perhaps what I like best of all is salt, with some soup poured over it. The use of the soup is to hinder the salt from being too dry; and it helps to melt it. Then there are other things I like; for instance, pins—only they should always have a cushion put round them to keep them warm. And I like two or three handfuls of hair; only they should always have a little girl's head beneath them to grow on, or else whenever you open the door they get blown all over the room, and then they get lost, you know. Tell Sally it's all very well to say she can do the two thieves and the five apples, but can she do the fox and the goose and the bag of corn? That the man was bringing from market, and he had to get them over a river, and the boat was so tiny he could only take one across at a time; and he couldn't ever leave the fox and the goose together, for then the fox would eat the goose; and if he left the goose and the corn together, the goose would eat the corn. So the only things he could leave safely together were the fox and the corn, for you never see a fox eating corn, and you hardly ever see corn eating a fox. Ask her if she can do that puzzle.

I think I'll come and see you again—suppose we say once every two years; and in about ten years I really think we shall be good friends. Don't you think we shall? I shall be very glad to hear from you whenever you feel inclined to write, and from Sally too, if she likes to try her hand at writing. If she can't write with her hand, let her try with her

foot. Neat footwriting is a very good thing. Give my love to her and Kate and Harry; only mind you keep a little for yourself.

> Your affectionate friend Lewis Carroll.

Thank your Mama for her letter which has just come.

LETTER CX

TO SALLIE SINCLAIR

Ch. Ch., Oxford. Feb. 9. 1878.

Thank Jessie for letter.

My DEAR SALLIE,

Please tell Jessie I meant it all for nonsense, so I hope she won't give me a pincushion, for I've got three already. I've forgotten what I said in my letter to her, and she knows it all by heart; so you see this is what has happened—the letter has gone out of my mind into her mind: it is just like a person going into a new house. I wonder if it found Jessie's mind warm and comfortable, and if it liked it as well as its old house? I think, when it first got in, it looked round and said, "Oh, dear, oh dear! I shall never be comfortable in this new mind! I wish I was back in the old one! Why, here's a great awkward sofa, big enough to hold a dozen people! And it's got the word 'KINDNESS' marked on it. Why, I shan't be able to have it all to myself. Now in my old house there was just one chair—a nice soft armchair that would just hold me; and it had the word 'Selfishness' marked on the back; so other people

couldn't come bothering in, because there were no chairs for them. And what a stupid little stool that is by the fire, marked 'HUMILITY.' Ah, you should have seen what a nice high stool there was in my old house! Why, if you sat on it you nearly knocked your head against the ceiling! And it was marked 'CONCEIT,' of course; that's a much nicer name than 'HUMILITY.' Well, let's see what's in the cupboard. In my old house there was just one large bottle of vinegar, with a label on it, 'SOUR TEMPER,' but this cupboard is stuffed full of jars! Let's see what the names are. Oh dear, oh dear! Why, they're all full of sugar, and the labels are 'LOVE OF SALLIE,' LOVE OF KATE,' LOVE OF HARRY'! Oh, I can't have all this rubbish here! I shall throw them all out of the window!

I wonder what this letter will say when it gets into your mind! And what will it find there, do you think? I send my love for Jessie and Kate and Harry and you, and four kisses: that's just one a-piece. I hope they won't get broken on the way.

Yours affectionately

LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER CXI

TO EDITH —

(Written in script)

Christ Church, Oxford Nov. 30./79.

My DEAR EDITH,

What a lazy thing you must think me, to be so long in sending you the photograph! But really

I have been awfully busy, and I've had to write heaps of letters—wheelbarrows full, almost. And it tires me so that generally I go to bed again the next minute after I get up: and sometimes I go to bed again a minute before I get up! Did you ever hear of anyone being so tired as that?

Don't think of writing to answer this: remember you've thanked beforehand for the picture.

Your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXII

TO EDITH -

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Feb. 1. '81.

My DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,

I have waited since Jan. 27 to thank you for your letter and present, that I might be able to say the "scales" had come—But as they still don't come, I will wait no longer. Thank you for all your birthday wishes, and for the "scales" whatever they are. Oh! how puzzled I am to guess what they will be like. First I think "Dear little thoughtful Edith! She knew I was always an invalid, taking heaps of medicine—and she was afraid I should take too much —so she is sending me a nice pair of medicine-scales to weigh it out grain by grain." Then I think "Oh no, she knows I am fond of music: so she is sending me a set of scales to practise on the pianoforte or the orguinette." Then again I say "Oh, how stupid I am! why of course it's a fish she's sending me. A nice scaly salmon, just to remind me of Eastbourne,

wrapped up in seaweed, and sprinkled with sand." When it comes, I wonder which of these guesses will turn out to be right!

Give my kindest regards to your father (who I hope is better than when I saw him last) and your mother and believe me

Yours ever affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

Something fails—
Perhaps the gales—
Still there are scales
On the rails
Packed in bales
With the mails,
Coming to a writer who regales
Little friends of his with fairy tales.

LETTER CXIII

TO EDITH ——

Ch. Ch. Jan. 27. '82.

My DEAR EDITH,

Many thanks for your letter, and painted crocus, and paper-rack. I am very sorry your father is no better: and when the summer comes, I think it will be a good thing if you advise him (you know how much he depends on your advice) to come to East-bourne. Then sometimes I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, with my opera-glass, at the other end of the beach: and I shall be able to say "There's Edith: I can see her: but I shall go home again if she looks this way, for fear of her seeing me." And

what do you think I am going to have for my birthday treat? A whole plum-pudding! It is to be about the size for four people to eat: and I shall eat it in my room, all by myself! The doctor says he is "afraid I shall be ill:" but I simply say "Nonsense!"

Your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

(Here follows a sketch of Mr. Dodgson, with a bib on, eating a huge plum-pudding with a large spoon.)

LETTER CXIV

November 7, 1882.

My DEAR E-,

How often you must find yourself in want of a pin! For instance, you go into a shop, and you say to the man, "I want the largest penny bun you can let me have for a halfpenny." And perhaps the man looks stupid, and doesn't quite understand what you mean. Then how convenient it is to have a pin ready to stick into the back of his hand, while you say, "Now then! Look sharp, stupid!" . . . and even when you don't happen to want a pin, how often you think to yourself, "They say Interlacken is a very pretty place. I wonder what it looks like!" (That is the place that is painted on this pincushion.)

When you don't happen to want either a pin or pictures, it may just remind you of a friend who sometimes thinks of his dear little friend E-, and who is just now thinking of the day he met her on the parade, the first time she had been allowed to come out alone

to look for him. . . .

LETTER CXV

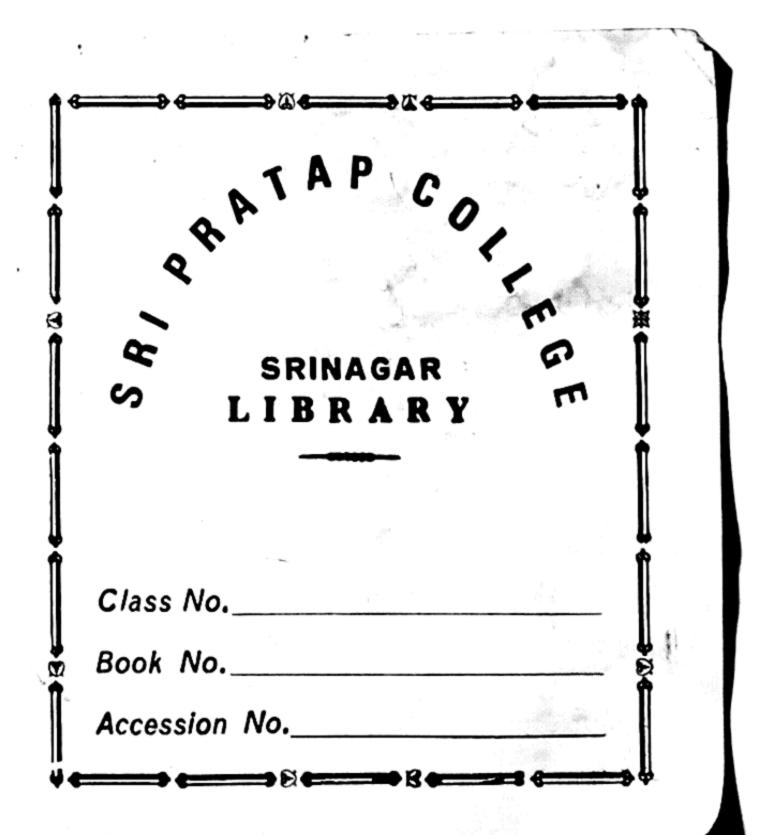
TO EDITH ---

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Jan. 1. '95.

YES, my dear Edith, you are quite correct in saying it is a long time since you heard from me: in fact I find that I have not written to you since the 13th of last November. But what of that? You have access to the daily papers. Surely you can find out, negatively, that I am all right? Go carefully through the list of Bankruptcies: then run your eye down the Police Cases: and, if you fail to find my name anywhere, you can say to your mother, in a tone of calm satisfaction, "Mr. Dodgson is going on well." I've brought with me here, as a sort of holiday-task, a bundle of 50 or more letters requiring answers—It needs great energy to begin on them. You might think that the more there are, the easier it would be to begin: but it isn't so. If you have one mutton-chop before you, you can eat it: but suppose I were to put 50 on your plate at once, would you have the heart to begin? All the time that I can spare from writing to little girls like you, I spend on writing my "Logic" for the young.1 I hope to publish about Easter. I think I'll send you a copy on the chance of your being still young-I wish you all a very happy New Year, and am always yours affectionately

C. L. D.

¹ Symbolic Logic. Part I: see p. 169.



PART III

1880-1890

PUBLICATIONS:

Problems in *The Monthly Packet* (April 1880-March 1885), afterwards, in collected form as—

A Tangled Tale. 1885.

Misch Masch. 1882.

Rhyme? and Reason? 1883.

Alice's Adventures Underground (original MS. in facsimile). 1886.

Game of Logic. 1887.

Memoria Technica (cyclostyled). 1888.

The Nursery Alice. 1889.

Sylvie and Bruno. 1889.

DRAMATISATION of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass under the title of "Alice in Wonderland: A Dream Play for Children," by H. Savile Clarke. Music by Walter Slaughter. 1886.

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LETTERS CXVI-CXVIII

TO MARY BROWN

MR. Dodgson's friendship with Mary Brown, begun when she was a little girl at Whitby, was continued by correspondence for many years, and his letters to her were of a more serious nature than those which he was in the habit of writing to his child-friends. The selections here given have been purposely chosen in order to illustrate his life at the period when they were written.

LETTER CXVI

TO MARY BROWN

Rev. C. L. Dodgson. Christ Church, Oxford. March 2, '80.

My DEAR MARY,

Ought I to say "Miss Brown"? I know you are dangerously near 20: but as I am about as near to 50 I am inclined to think I needn't. When you are Mrs. Somebody, as your old friend Jeannie is now, I will be more respectful. I have a letter from you (received, I am ashamed to say, August 27, '79, asking me "Why don't you explain the Snark?" A question I ought to have answered long ago. Let me however answer it now—"because I can't." Are you able to explain things which you don't yourself understand?

See also Letters LXIV, CLXVIII, CLXIX.

LETTER CXVII

Ch. Ch., Oxford. April 1. 1889.

My DEAR MARY,

The months, & the years, glide away, and now I have three reminders of your continued existence to thank you for—(which I now do), a Christmas Card 1887, some flowers in June 1888, a Christmas Card the same year. I thank you, but must candidly confess I have no use for such presents. I don't like flowers in a room: and can do nothing with Christmas Cards except to send them on to some child-or other. Far rather would I have a few lines of writing, at any time you feel inclined to write, to tell me something of your life,—something that interests you at the moment—that would make you more real to me than presents.

For ours is a strange sort of friendship, & we must be getting very unreal to each other by this time— It must be nearly 20 years since we met, & it is very doubtful if we should even recognise each other now! My memory of you is of a little girl that sat on my knee (a performance you may have totally forgotten by now) out on the cliffs at Whitby: & yours of me—well, of not quite such an old "lean & slippered pantaloon" as I have now become— That any friendship should have survived at all, through all these years, is something wonderful: & whether it would stand the shock of meeting again—whether our characters have not become by this time hopelessly discordant, is an open question!—

Well, I'll tell you about myself now—I'm getting a little book through the Press—which I hope will be

out by Easter, to be called, The "Nursery Alice" 1—pictures enlarged & coloured by Tenniel, & with explanations in easy words, just as one would explain the pictures to a child— Would you care to have a copy of it? Can you recall your feelings as a Nursery-child, enough to be able to enjoy a baby book?

I go down every summer to Eastbourne, & I still make friends with children on the beach—& sometimes even (being now an old man who can venture on things that "Mrs. Grundy" would never permit to a younger man) have some little friend to stay with me as a guest. That will give you some idea what an "aged, aged man" I have become! My last guest was the charming child, who lately acted "Alice" in Mr. Savile Clarke's play of "Alice in Wonderland."

There now! I have broken the silence of some 2 years or so and can contentedly remain for a while at least

your always affectionate friend Charles L. Dodgson

LETTER CXVIII

TO MARY BROWN

7. Lushington Road, Eastbourne. Aug. 21. 1894.

My DEAR MARY,

I wonder if you have an idea what sort of thing it is to have with you, every day (for I bring it with me here from Oxford), a bundle of unanswered letters,

² Isa Bowman.

¹ In the "Handbook," p. 123, it is stated that Mr. Dodgson received his first copy of *The Nursery Alice* on Oct. 19, 1889, and distributed 121 presentation copies.

the oldest more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ years old! The very sight of it suggests, "You've many an hour of steady work before you, before I shall be got rid of!" and then one is apt to think "work that has waited so many years can easily wait another day!" The temptation to procrastinate, with such formidable arrears on hand, is almost irresistible! Four of these letters are from you! The oldest—I was going to say when it was dated, but on looking at it I find it has no date at all (it's a way ladies have in letter-writing): nor is No. 2 dated at all-No. 3 is merely dated with the highly satisfactory & intelligible date "Thursday." No. 4 is dated-However, all are recorded in my letterregister, with a précis of each: so I know when they came. No. 1 came Sept. 4, '91. I will see what there is to answer in it. . . No. 2 (received Sep. 24—1892) is to thank (with some doubt) for the biscuit box with "Alice" pictures. Yes-it was from me. I gave away 200 or 300 of them, no great gift, as they wouldn't let me pay for any! My friends find strange uses for theirs, one little girl writes that her box "just holds her unanswered letters"! One of my brothers is prosaic enough to use his as a tobaccobox!

This letter No. 2 has some remarks with which I heartily agree, on the folly of people learning nothing about housekeeping before they marry—I think cooking should be part of every girl's education!

No. 3 (received Dec. 30, 1893) begins "what ages it seems since I heard from you!" Well, it's quite true—I have treated you very badly, my dear old friend—But it's also quite true, as you kindly add that you "suppose," that my life is a busy one: in spite of that,

I get about 2000 letters off, every year: but it isn't enough!...

No. 4 has two dates, I see "Dec. 29" at the beginning, and "Jan. 16" at the end. So it took 18 days to write! Always write deliberately, my dear child! never be in a hurry! This contains thanks for "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded"—I'm very glad you like having it.

Also it asks for a sketch of "Nine men's Morris" and the rules—I'll write them down, & enclose them with this.

In No. 3 you ask what books I have done, naming the Child's Bible & Girl's Shakespeare—I fear neither of these will ever be done—at least by me. Life is very short! I'm 62, &, though I'm in good working order now (I can easily work 10 hours a day) I can't in reason expect many more years of it. At present I'm hard at work (& have been for months) on my Logic-book. (It has really been on hand for a dozen years: the "months" refer to preparing for the Press.) It is "Symbolic Logic," in 3 Parts—and Part 1 is to be easy enough for boys & girls of (say) 12 or 14.1 I greatly hope it will get into High Schools, etc. I've been teaching it at Oxford to a class of girls at the High School, another class of the mistresses (!), & another class of girls at one of the Ladies' Colleges.2 I believe it's one of the best mental exercises that the young could have: & it doesn't need special powers like mathematics. I may perhaps get Part 1 out early next year— The next will take another year at least.

I think I once gave you my "Game of Logic"?

² St. Hugh's Hall: sec Introduction, p. 6.

¹ Only Part I was published, in 1896 (Macmillan & Co.). See Dodgson Handbook, p. 151.

This is a more serious attempt: but with much shorter (and, I hope, better) explanations.

And now what am I to tell you about myself? To say I am quite well "goes without saying" with me. In fact my life is so strangely free from all trials & troubles, that I cannot doubt my own happiness is one of the "talents" entrusted to me to "occupy" with, till the Master shall return, by doing something to make *other* lives happy. . . .

Believe me always
Your loving old friend
CHARLES L. DODGSON.

LETTER CXIX

TO DORA ABDY

Mr. Dodgson had offered to take Dora Abdy, a girl-friend at Guildford, to a performance of *Much Ado about Nothing* in London, and the question had been raised as to what kind of dress was required for a matinée. His opinion was given as follows:—

July 3, 1880.

So E. D. is de rigueur? Very good. It is not the only E. D. I have met with possessing this character. But why "of course"? Are there no exceptions? Surely, if you go to morning parties in evening dress (which you do, you know), why not to evening parties in morning dress?

Anyhow, I have been invited to three evening parties in London this year, in each of which "Morning Dress" was specified.

Again, doctors (not that I am a real one—only an

amateur) must always be in trim for an instant summons to a patient. And when you invite a doctor to dinner (say) do you not always add "Morning Dress"? (I grant you it is done by initials in this case. And perhaps you will say you don't understand M.D. to stand for "Morning Dress"? Then take a few lessons in elementary spelling.)

Aye, and many and many a time have I received invitations to evening parties wherein the actual colours of the Morning Dress expected were stated!

For instance, "Red Scarf: Vest Pink." That is a very common form, though it is usually (I grant you) expressed by initials.

But I spare you. No doubt you are by this time duly ashamed of your too-sweeping assertion, and anxious to apologise. Will you plead that you know not how to apologise, and that ladies never do apologise to gentlemen? Then take a few lessons in elementary manners.

yours affect., Lewis Carroll

P.S.—You will say "What morning parties do I go to in evening dress?" I reply "Balls." You will say again, "What balls ever go on in the morning?" I reply "Most balls."

LETTER CXX

TO HELEN FEILDEN (MRS. PAUL MASON)

Ch. Ch. April 12. 1881.

My DEAR HELEN,

I have behaved very badly to you in leaving your two interesting (they are always that) letters, the first

of them dated Dec. 4, 1880, so long unanswered. So, before saying anything out of my own head, I will try to make some appropriate remarks on them.

Next in your letter come many questions about the Terrys. I have not seen any of them, to speak to, for a long time; but I went to the Haymarket and the Lyceum last vacation. At the Haymarket I saw "School," in which Marion plays charmingly. It was the 18th of January, the day of that fearful storm in London, and the streets were all snow; but I had got tickets for three, so we braved it, two young ladies (I hardly care to go to a theatre alone now) and self. The theatre was nearly empty: about a hundred stalls being empty out of (116 I think it was). Besides the 16 or so in the stalls, there were 20 or 30 other people dotted about. I never saw so curious a sight. The company seemed to think it rather fun than otherwise; or perhaps they wanted to reward the few who had been brave enough to come. At any rate they seemed to act their best.

At the Lyceum (to which I took one of the loveliest children in London—aged thirteen—I wish I could show her to you) 1 we saw "The Cup" and "The Corsican Brothers." "The Cup" is a lovely poem, and the scenery, grouping, etc., are beyond all praise, 2 but really as a play there is nothing in it. The villain (Mr. Irving) tries to carry off Camma and kills her husband—and afterwards wants her to marry him and share his throne. Whereupon she does the

¹ Agnes Hull. Cf. Letter CV.

² By Tennyson. Miss Ellen Terry describes it as one of the most beautiful things that Henry Irving ever accomplished. The Story of My Life, p. 196. (London. Hutchinson, 1908.)

(dramatically) obvious thing, accepts him, and makes a poisoned cup a very early ingredient of the marriage ceremony. Both drink it, so both die. Why she should die, Mr. Tennyson only knows! I suppose he would say, "It gives a roundness and finish to the thing." So it may; but a heroine who would poison herself for that must have an almost morbid fondness for roundness and finish. I must tell you, I think, of a graceful act of kindness on the part of Miss Ellen Terry. I had happened to be writing to her a few days before, and told her I was going to bring a child who was an enthusiastic admirer of hers— ("She is like the washerwoman in the Bab Ballads," I said; "she long has loved you from afar")—and that we should be in the centre of the stalls. So, after the 1st Act of the "Corsican Brothers" the boxkeeper came along our row of the stalls, and presented, "With Miss Ellen Terry's compliments," a roll of paper and a lovely bouquet of violets. The roll we found contained one of the illustrated books of the "Corsican Brothers" inscribed in some such words as these—" Camma would have sent the words of 'The Cup,' but they are not printed. So she begs Agnes to accept this with her love. Given at our Temple of Artemis-signed, Camma." Wasn't it pretty of her? The child was in ecstasies of delight, and nursed the bouquet all the way home. "And you must send her heaps of love!" she said; "you know she sent me her love!" I don't think I ever saw her look so graceful as she does in the long trailing silk robe (a light sea-green) which she wears as " Camma.

I haven't even seen Mdme Modjeska; but every-

one, that *has*, praises her. I am charmed with your neighbours in the theatre, who supposed her to be playing Marie Stuart ex tempore! ("Gagging the part," to use stage-slang).

And now what can I say on my own account? Shall I send you a Dutch version of "Alice" with about eight of the pictures done large in colours? It would do well to show to little children. I think of trying a coloured "Alice" myself—a "Nursery edition." What do you think of it?

If you won't think me very vain, I will add the verses I sent Agnes to commemorate our visit to the "Lyceum," I told her they had been found on a torn piece of paper, of which I sent a facsimile.¹

Kindest regards to your Mother. Always yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXI

TO MARION RICHARDS

Marion Richards lived at Eastbourne, where her Mother had a preparatory school for little boys at Winchester House.

> Ch. Ch. Oxford. Oct. 26/81.

(Two silhouettes-Mr. Dodgson bowing to Marion.)

My DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

(There! I don't think I ever began a letter like that before—in all my life. *Marion*. "and you'd better never begin another so: it would be much prettier to put 'Marion' than 'Girl.'" *Me*. "I

don't think so: it rhymes to 'pearl' and 'curl,' and ' the other only rhymes to 'Bulgarian'!" But of course I shall soon have to alter it : you see our friendship began so awfully quick, quite dangerous, it was so sudden-almost like a railway-accident: it's pretty sure to end off just as suddenly. Next year, I suppose, we shall have got to shaking-hand terms, and the year after we shall be on bowing terms, just when we happen to see each other at opposite sides of the street—) Please don't think I'm beginning to forget you, because I'm so lazy about writing: but oh! I'm so awfully busy! What with teaching, and looking over answers to questions, and writing lecture-business, and letters, sometimes I get that confused, I hardly know which is me and which is the inkstand. Pity me, my dear child! The confusion in one's mind doesn't so much matter-but when it comes to putting bread-and-butter, and orangemarmalade, into the ink-stand; and then dipping pens into oneself, and filling oneself up with ink, you know, it's horrid! However, busy as I am, I've got some of these "Lanrick" rules printed, and I send you 4. One is for you, and the other 3 you can give to 4 friends. One of my pupils this term is a real negro, with face as black as a coal, and frizzly wool for hair—I have to keep a label on the coal-skuttle, and a label on him, marked "THIS IS THE COAL-SKUTTLE" and "THIS IS HIM," so as to know which is which—

Many thanks to your mother for letter and prospectus: and I'll write to her some year.

Always your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXII

TO MARION RICHARDS

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Feb. 14/82.

My DEAR MARION,

("dear" indeed! Remarkably dear, I should say! What doesn't that child cost me—in journeys by railways, and admissions to Aquariums, and luncheons, at which nothing will serve her but the most expensive jellies, and turtle-soup, and such things! Not to mention the damages I have to pay for, when she gets savage and breaks things! I should just think she was "dear" indeed!) Does your mother know of any good book (not very dear) that will tell one how to mount seaweeds? If so, could you tell me the name and the name of the publisher-Perhaps, if it isn't very beautifully bound, she would lend it me (by bookpost) to look at? What I want it for is to lend it to a friend (a governess) at Brighton: the only book I've got, that says anything about it is Taylor's "Half Hours at the Seaside," but it has only 2 pages on the subject-I have left at Eastbourne my "Wood's Common Objects at the Seaside" and also Mrs. Gatty's big book. Always your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXIII

TO MRS. RICHARDS

Ch. Ch. Mar. 13/82.

DEAR MRS. RICHARDS,

I would have long ago written to thank you for the trouble you so kindly took in copying out that

passage about seawceds—only that I kept on vaguely expecting (after what you said, that Marion would "write on Sunday") to hear from that amiable but over-tasked young person— It had not occurred to me that you did not say which Sunday, and that there are 52 in every year. Please don't suggest to her to write, poor child! If she had got, as I have, more than 800 entries in her letter-register for this year, she wouldn't be particularly keen about adding even one to the list! Thanks very much for the extract: it was most gratefully received by the governess . . . at Brighton. I have a good many friends among governesses—having a sort of sympathy with them, as a more or less down-trodden race.

I wish you all success with your little boys—To me they are not an attractive race of beings (as a little boy, I was simply detestable), and if you wanted to induce me, by money, to come and teach them, I can only say you would have to offer more than £10000 a year! I hope you won't get a black sheep among your flock—One bad boy, in a *small* number, has a terrible power of evil, that would be quite impossible in a larger School, where his influence would be diluted by numbers.

Are you a Shakespeare reader? I have a dream of Bowdlerising Bowdler, i.e. of editing a Shakespeare which shall be absolutely fit for girls. For this I need advice, from mothers,² as to which plays they would

² This request was embodied in a circular letter to mothers which Mr. Dodgson had printed as a leaflet in the spring of 1882.

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¹ Mr. Dodgson once made friends with a little girl on the sands at Eastbourne whose father was the headmaster of a preparatory school. When invited to go and stay with them, he declined, with the explanation: "As a salmon would be on a gravel path, so should I be in a boys' school."

like to be included—— Could you put down for me the names of those you think might be made good reading for girls (from ten to twenty years old, let us say)—

Best love to Marion Sincerely yours

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXIV

TO MARION RICHARDS

Ch. Ch. Feb. 8. '86.

My DEAR MARION,

Whether you will get most pleasure from the fiction in this little book, or pain from the problems: whether you will feel satisfaction at the thought that your ancient friend yet remembers you, or dissatisfaction at finding he has so far forgotten your tastes as to send you a book instead of a bun—that is, or these are, a question, or questions, which I feel unable to decide. In fact, now I come to think of it, do we decide questions, at all? We decide answers, no doubt; but surely the questions decide us? It is the dog, you know, that wags the tail—not the tail that wags the dog. For instance, the question "shall I ever see Marion again?" decided me to give the answer "not likely: she is at school most of your Eastbourne time; & the little bit of holiday that comes in, she spends in visiting country relations." And the question "and what will she be like, if ever I do meet her again?" decided me to give the answer "She will be gigantically tall, & portentously stiff, & so learned it'll take three ordinary Oxford Professors to hold a

candle to her!" So I remain (quite shuddering at the liberty I am taking in so signing myself) your loving friend

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

LETTER CXXV

TO KATE TERRY LEWIS (MRS. GIELGUD)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. June 5/82.

My DEAR KATIE,

I wonder if you could find a minute to write me a post-card just to tell me how your Mother 1 is going on? . . . I shall be very glad to hear she is getting better again. Next time I call I hope you'll be at home: you had gone to the Dentist when I called the other day. Oh! how I envied you when I heard it. A good play, or a gallery of good pictures is a very delightful thing to go to—but a Dentist, oh, there are not words (are there?) to describe the delight. In fact Dr. G. was quite alarmed when he saw the effect the news had on me. "Is it a sudden attack of jaundice?" he asked anxiously. "No!" I said, "why should you think so?" "Because your eyes have turned quite green, all in a moment!"-" Oh! that's nothing," I said. "It's only green-eyed jealousy at hearing of dear Katie's happiness!" Is not that a curious and interesting anecdote? Kindest regards to your parents and best love to your sisters

from

yours very affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

1 I.e. Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Miss Kate Terry).

LETTER CXXVI

TO KATE TERRY LEWIS (MRS. GIELGUD)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. July 4. 1893.

My dear Katie,

Though I am quite distracted with business, and am making desperate efforts to get things settled , here and get off to my usual quarters at Eastbourne, still I must find a few minutes to offer you the very sincere wishes of an old friend that your married life may be a bright and peaceful one, and that you and your chosen husband may love each other with a love second only to your love of God and far above your love of any other object. For that is, I believe, the only essential for a happy married life: All else is trivial compared with it. You surely do not expect a "lone, lorn creature" like me-a wretched old bachelor-to cloud the happy day by his sombre presence? You might as well expect a screech-owl to come out in the noon-day and disport himself in your beautiful garden. With an old man's love, I am,

> Affectionately yours, C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS CXXVII-CXXIX

TO BEATRICE EARLE (MRS. G. E. BUCKLE)

In the original, the first part of Letter CXXVII is in very shaky handwriting which gradually grows firmer as the writer seems to gain confidence (see

facsimile, page 182). Mr. Dodgson's pretended "fear" was due to the fact that he had only recently made the acquaintance of Beatrice Earle and her sisters, the daughters of the Rev. John Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon, at Oxford. They were now added to the number of his friends who received invitations to "a walk and tea" and were given the occasional treat of an expedition to London. The days of photography had come to an end and his young guests at Christ Church were usually entertained at this period by being shown how to play some game of his own invention. Many of them had already learnt the "new way of working one word into another" which he called "Syzygies," and at this time when he taught it to Beatrice Earle, using her name as an Example, the Rules were about to be published in The Lady for July 23, 1891.

Letter CXXIX shows once more Mr. Dodgson's irresistible love of teasing. With his taste for precision it was not unusual for him to pretend to misinterpret the wording of a letter.

When "Syzygies" and "Lanrick" were brought out in pamphlet form he presented Beatrice Earle with a copy. The little booklet had a pink paper-cover and the title-page ran as follows: "Syzygies and Lanrick. A Word-Puzzle and a Game for Two Players by Lewis Carroll. Second Edition, printed for private circulation. Feb. 1893." The Rules for both were afterwards reprinted in *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book*.

LETTER CXXVII

TO BEATRICE EARLE (MRS. G. E. BUCKLE) .

Ch. Ch. Feb. 3/84.

MY DEAR B.

You were so gracious the other day that I have nearly got over my fear of you. The slight tremulousness, which you may observe in my writing, produced by the thought that it is you I am writing to, will soon pass off. Next time I borrow you, I shall venture on having you alone; I like my child-friends best one by one: and I'll have Maggie alone another day, if , she'll come (that is the great difficulty!). But first I want to borrow (I can scarcely muster courage to say it) your eldest sister. Oh, how the very thought of it frightens me! Do you think she would come? I don't mean alone: I think Maggie might come too, to make it all proper—— When is school over in the afternoon? It wouldn't be too late, would it, to fetch "Miss Earle" (I suppose that is what she expects to be called) and Maggie down to have tea here! and if we're very lucky we might have a rather finer evening to come back in! If that plan would do, I could come any day she likes to fix: otherwise I could come next Saturday at (say) 3½. One thing more I have to ask you-Either I never got, or have lost the memorandum, the names, ages, and birthdays of you and your sisters. Could you write them down for me? Always

Yours affectionately

Love to Maggie.

C. L. Dodgson.

Fr. Fr. Fr. 3, Log The thear 53, the other day that I have nearly got over my fear of you alle slight tremulousness, which you may observe in my writing, 1620it is store on assisting to, will soon off- Next dime venture on having you alone. I like my

ty one: & I'll have Maggie alone another day if she'll come (that is the great difficulty!). But find I want be borrow (I can scarcely muster sourage & San 1.1) gour eldest 38 gan Oh, how the very though of its frightens me! do you think ser would come? I don't me an alone: I think Maggie might come too, to make it all poroper

LETTER CXXVIII

TO BEATRICE EARLE

Ch. Ch. June 3/91.

DEAR BEATRICE,

I am glad to think you are "first fiddle" this time: for I have treated you rather badly, I fear, in making you so much of a "substitute"—

Can you be at the G.W. Station by 9 on Saturday? And will you then resign yourself to Fate and me, to be taken either to a Matinée or to the General Strike Meeting of the London Omnibus Company, whichever I find to be most expedient?

If you find you cannot come, let me know at once, please, that I may have time to telegraph to your "substitute"—

Affectionately Yours
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXIX

TO BEATRICE EARLE

Ch. Ch. June 14/91.

MY DEAR BEE,

What severe conditions some people lay upon their friends! Recently, I did some "Syzygies" on the name of a young friend, and also asked if she would walk with me. This was her reply:—

"Thank you for the Syzygies. I thought you were going to get 22 on it. If you could, I should like very much to go for a walk."

Now, I had already got 17 on that same puzzle,

and am inclined to think that is the maximum possible. Yet this 'exigeante' young person wished to urge me on to greater exertions: and, as the most powerful incentive she could think of, offered me the bliss of her society for a walk, in case my struggle should prove successful.

I don't deny the value of the reward offered: but I do say that impossible things can't be done, however blissful the prospect that the doing of them may offer! So I won't try again.

Yours afftely

C. L. Dodgson.

P.S. The reason I couldn't come for a walk on Tuesday was that I was off to Salisbury by the 2.2 train; and that (without presuming to say what you can do) I cannot be in two places at once.

Syzygies on the Name of Beatrice Earle

10/6/91

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LETTERS CXXX-CXXXII

TO ETHEL HATCH

ETHEL HATCH was the sister of Beatrice and Evelyn: hence the joke about "Love to BE" in Letter CXXXII. The "new book" (Letter CXXX) was a presentation copy of *Rhyme? and Reason?* (published 1883).

In families where there were several members, Mr. Dodgson was always strictly particular about taking notice of each sister in turn. Letter CXXXI gives an example of the sort of entertainment he provided for so many Oxford children.

Mr. Dodgson's interest in Ethel's talent for drawing led to his taking her to London to be introduced to his artist-friend, Miss E. Gertrude Thomson, so as to get advice about art-training. Ethel Hatch has since achieved success as a water-colour painter.

Some years after Letter CXXXII was written, Mr. Dodgson had the long-wished-for opportunity of practising figure-drawing by visiting the studio of another lady-artist friend who specialized in child-models.

LETTER CXXX

TO ETHEL HATCH

Ch. Ch. Jan. 30/84

My DEAR ETHEL,

I think it will have to be you. That settles the "which" as to the new book: but the "when" is quite another matter—It is quite a High School sort of question. "If anticipation gives happiness,

what will 40 years of anticipation give?" Ans. "40 years of happiness!" My only fear is that it would be too much happiness for you. Still, I know you are a very good girl (at least all the people who live in Canterbury Road, and in that neighbourhood, have never told me anything to the contrary), so I say to myself "Yes! She does deserve it. She shall have 40 years of happiness!"

Give B. my love, and thanks for her letter: and as she now does a different sort of work from the High School, I send a question to work out; the like of which was never set there. "If it is odd to have an undergraduate brother, what is it to have two?" Answer. "Even."

Please think of me in the year 1924 A.D. and believe me

Yours always affectionately

C. L. D.

LETTER CXXXI

TO ETHEL HATCH

Ch. Ch. Mar. 2/84

My DEAR ETHEL,

Next Tuesday as ever is (a vulgar way of putting it, but never mind!) I've got to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart (you don't know them, but never mind!) in Bradmore Road: time 7.45 (you would call it "a quarter to 8" but never mind!)—Now what do you think of this plan? It is an idea of my own, the result of 6 hours of steady thinking.—I could come for you at ½ past 4 (or 5, if that suited you and your lessons better), and fetch you down here (we would

take a little walk first, if you wished), give you tea and bread-and-butter at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 or 6, show you a picture or so, ask you a riddle or so, and fetch you home by ½ past 7: and then I could go on to Bradmore Road and have my dinner. I only ask you this time-partly because I've had B. and Ethel 1 so very lately (worked 'em off, don't you see? Got rid of 'em. Needn't bother about 'em again for ever-solong—a vulgar way of putting it, but never mind!), and partly because I like much better having children one by one, than two by two, or even forty by forty. Now please don't try and pretend you would like it, if you wouldn't! Of course you're a little shy of me: quite natural-You've only to say "I fear I cannot accept your kind invitation, because of the Norman Conquest," I shall quite understand: shan't be offended a bit.

Your very affte.

C. L. D.

LETTER CXXXII

TO ETHEL HATCH

7. Lushington Road Eastbourne Aug. 19/84

My dear Ethel,

Miss Thomson told me I might read this note before sending it on to you. It is very interesting, but it filled me with green-eyed jealousy! To think of you, having (as most likely you will have in years to come) heaps of leisure time to practise figure-drawing, and then of poor me, who would like to do it of all

¹ An obvious mistake for "Evelyn."

things, but never can find the time: always there is something turns up that says "do me," and then another thing "and now do me": so that it is as much as I can do to find time to draw the corks of the bottles of beer I consume—and as for drawing children, it's out of the question! Yesterday I tried to draw a pretty little girl, who was building a sand-castle: but as she didn't keep in the same position for two moments together, I had to invent every line of it: and the result is awful—worse than you could draw, with your left foot, and both eyes shut!

LOVE TO BE

(This doesn't mean "future love"—nor does it mean "lavish all your affection on the verb "to be" and BE isn't short for "Beatrice.")

So I remain

Your loving friend

C. L. D.

LETTERS CXXXIII-CXXXV

TO KITTY AND MAGGIE SAVILE CLARKE

The dramatization of the Alice books by Mr. Savile Clarke 1 was undertaken with the full approval of Mr. Dodgson, who came to be on very good terms with the author and his family. Mr. Savile Clarke's admiration for "Lewis Carroll" is expressed in the verses printed on the programme for the performances of the operetta during its second season, in December, 1888, as follows:—

¹ See Introduction, p. 11. 189 100 m

A Selection from the Letters of

"A Nursery Magician took

All little children by the hand:

And led them laughing through the book

Where Alice walks in Wonderland.

Ours is the task, with elfin dance
And song, to give to childhood's gaze
That Wonderland, and should it chance
To win a smile, be his the praise."

Letter CXXXIV refers to the preparations for this second production.

LETTER CXXXIII

TO KITTY SAVILE CLARKE

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Nov. 5. 1886.

MY DEAR KITTY,

Really, really, what is the world coming to! That a young lady, not more than 24, should write to a gentleman, not less than 25, and sign herself 'your loving little friend'! I really cannot express how shocked I am. I have looked all through the dictionary, and couldn't find any words that were strong enough—till I came to 'Z,' and then I gave it up as a bad job, because you know there are so few words beginning with 'Z.'

Anyhow, it was very nice to read the words "it is so nice having you": only, my dear child, you shouldn't talk about me as if I was the measles.

And I should like very much to come and see you and your friends act—not "most tragic plays," as you're going to do this time, because I'm afraid I

should get tired: there's such a lot of them—I think I would rather come when you're only going to do three—that's as much as I could stand—and, if I might choose, I would say "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth."

Love to the dormouse and your sisters—
Your loving friend
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXXIV

TO KITTY SAVILE CLARKE

Ch. Ch. KOxford (sic) Nov. 29. '88.

My DEAR KITTY,

(I was actually beginning to put your name as part of my address!) No doubt your father is nearly worn out, and worried to despair, by all the bother of preparing "Alice": and it is no doubt as much as three daughters can do (you know the beautiful words of Scott?

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease
A most unmitigated tease!
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Doesn't she make a jolly row?"

and so on) to help him to bear up against his troubles—
So I don't want to bother him with more questions—
But would you kindly, next time you come across any
"mollia tempora fandi" (of course you know what
they are. What is there that the modern young lady
does not know!) find out, for me, answers to the following questions—

(1) Who are to be under-studies for "Alice"?

(2) Who is to be "Dormouse"?

(3) What parts are Edith and Irene Barnes 1 to play?

(4) Will there be copies of the play with music?

(I do hope there will—I want to give them away right and left.)

Love to your sisters (including yourself)

Yrs afftly

C. L. D.

LETTER CXXXV

TO MAGGIE SAVILE CLARKE

The Chestnuts, Guildford Jan. 2. 1889.

OH my kind, trouble-taking, amiable, but far too hasty, dear Maggie,

Why did you hurry off your letter so soon that you had to leave unanswered all the questions that needed reference to your father? Is he gone abroad? Or dare you not get the necessary information from him? If for any reason you do not like to trouble him by asking the questions, please let me know, and perhaps I will some day ask him them myself. The music-book must have missed its way, I begin to fear: as if it had arrived, you would have almost certainly known of it.

Many thanks for the answers you have been able to send: and many more to follow if, when your father has returned from his tour in Russia, and when you

¹ I.e. Edith and Irene Vanbrugh.

have imbibed the necessary amount of cherry-brandy, and when supported by two sympathetic sisters, you have tottered into his presence, and at the risk of your life have faltered out the unanswered questions, you succeed in getting their answers!

Your loving friend

C. L. D.

LETTER CXXXVI

TO EDITH RIX

(No date.)

My DEAR EDITH,

Would you tell your mother I was aghast at seeing the address of her letter to me; and I would much prefer "Rev. C. L. Dodgson, Ch. Ch., Oxford." When a letter comes addressed "Lewis Carroll, Ch. Ch.," it either goes to the Dead Letter Office, or it impresses on the minds of all letter-carriers, etc., through whose hands it goes, the very fact I least want them to know.

Please offer to your sister all the necessary apologies for the liberty I have taken with her name. My only excuse is, that I know no other; and how am I to guess what the full name is? It may be Carlotta, or Zealot, or Ballot, or Lotus-Blossom (a very pretty name), or even Charlotte. Never have I sent anything to a young lady of whom I have a more shadowy idea. Name, an enigma; age, somewhere between 1 and 19 (you've no idea how bewildering it is, alternately picturing her as a little toddling thing of 5, and a tall girl of 15!); disposition—well, I have a fragment of information on that question—your mother says,

as to my coming, "It must be when Lottie is at home or she would never forgive us." Still, I cannot consider the mere fact that she is of an unforgiving disposition as a complete view of her character. I feel sure she has some other qualities besides.

Believe me,
Yrs affectionately,
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXXVII

TO EDITH RIX

(1887)

My DEAR CHILD,

It seems quite within the bounds of possibility, if we go on in this style, that our correspondence may at last assume a really friendly tone. I don't of course say it will actually do so—that would be too bold a prophecy—but only that it may tend to shape itself in that direction.

Your remark, that slippers for elephants could be made, only they would not be slippers, but boots, convinces me that there is a branch of your family in *Ireland*. Who are (oh dear, oh dear, I am going distracted! There's lady in the opposite house who simply sings all day. All her songs are wails, and their tunes, such as they have, are much the same. She has one strong note in her voice, and she knows it! I think it's "A natural," but I haven't much ear. And when she gets to that note, she howls!) they? The O'Rixes, I suppose?

About your uninteresting neighbours, I sympathise

with you much; but oh, I wish I had you here, that I might teach you not to say "It is difficult to visit one's district regularly, like everyone else does!"

And now I come to the most interesting part of your letter-May you treat me as a perfect friend, and write anything you like to me, and ask my advice? Why, of course you may, my child! What else am I good for? But oh, my dear child-friend, you cannot guess how such words sound to me! That any one should look up to me, or think of asking my advicewell, it makes one feel humble, I think, rather than proud-humble to remember, while others think so well of me, what I really am, in myself. "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" Well, I won't talk about myself, it is not a healthy topic. Perhaps it may be true of any two people, that, if one could see the other through and through, love would perish. I don't know. Anyhow, I like to have the love of my child-friends, tho' I know I don't deserve it. Please write as freely as ever you like.

I went up to town and fetched Phæbe ¹ down here on Friday in last week; and we spent most of Saturday upon the beach—Phæbe wading and digging, and "as happy as a bird upon the wing" (to quote the song she sang when first I saw her). Tuesday evening brought a telegram to say she was wanted at the theatre next morning. So, instead of going to bed, Phæbe packed her things, and we left by the last train, reaching her home by a quarter to 1 a.m. However, even four days of sea-air, and a new kind of happiness, did her good, I think. I am rather lonely now she is gone. She is a very sweet child, and a thoughtful child, too.

Phœbe Carlo.

It was very touching to see (we had a little Bible-reading every day: I tried to remember that my little friend had a soul to be cared for, as well as a body) the far-away look in her eyes, when we talked of God and of heaven—as if her angel, who beholds His face continually, were whispering to her.

Of course, there isn't *much* companionship possible, after all, between an old man's mind and a little child's, but what there is is sweet—and wholesome, I think.

LETTER CXXXVIII

"TO A CHILD"

Ch. Ch., Oxford. Fcb. 8. '87.

My DEAR . . .

I think I had better take the opportunity while you are yet in a place that is known to the Postal Department, and before you again vanish into space, to send you this book, which I have been wanting to send you sometime. Please give my love to . . . and my thanks for her letter, and I am very glad to know that she is not yet too much grown up for me to regard her as a "child "-friend. But you are all "children" to me now, I fear: I am passing into the "sere and yellow leaf," being turned 55! Still, I haven't, just yet, begun to say with the melancholy Hood "What can an old man do but die?" My present answer is "several other things: for instance, several more books remain to be written"—one being another book for children, which I am longing to get finished:

¹ I.e. Sylvie and Bruno, which was published in 1889 after "having been on hand for about seven years."

if only the days would contain 24 hours, as they used to do.

Your loving friend C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXXXIX

TO WINIFRED STEVENS (LADY HAWKE)

Ch. Ch., May 22, 1887.

MY DEAR WINNIE,

But you will be getting tired of this long letter: so I will bring it to an end, and sign myself,

Yours affectionately,

C. L. Dodgson.

P.S.—I enclose 2 copies of "Castle Croquet."

P.P.S.—You have no idea what a struggle it was to me to put "Winnie" instead of "Miss Stevens," and "Affectionately" instead of "Yours truly!"

P.P.P.S.—The year after next, or thereabouts, I hope to find an opportunity to take you for another walk. By that time, I fear, Time will have begun to write "wrinkles on your azure brow"; however, I don't care! A really venerable companion makes one look youthful oneself, and I shall like to hear people whisper to each other, "Who in the world is that very interesting-looking boy who is walking with that old lady with snowy tresses, and taking as much care of her as if she were his great-grandmother?"

P.P.P.P.S.—No time for more.

LETTER CXL

TO CATHERINE LUCY (MRS. A. F. POLLARD)

"KATIE" LUCY was one of Mr. Dodgson's first guests at Eastbourne, and she still guards happy recollections of her visit. She had just left school and was old enough to be at her ease with her host and to appreciate his plans for her amusement. In Oxford, where he saw them frequently, he took much notice of her younger sister, Edith, who had a taste for mathematics. In their case he broke through his rule of having only one guest at a time to his rooms at Christ Church, and used to invite their mother and brother as well as the two girls.

LETTER CXL

TO CATHERINE LUCY (MRS. A. F. POLLARD)

7. Lushington Road, Eastbourne. Sep. 25./87.

My dear Katie,

Thanks for your mother's letter and for yours. I am very glad to know that you enjoyed your very unconventional visit. To me also it was not so painful as I might have expected. In fact, the only thing to be regretted is, the obstinacy you showed in refusing to be guided by the Finger of Destiny, which was constantly pointing out that you ought at once to return to your deserted home. It tried rainy weather when you came and sunshine when you went away. That seemed to have no effect: so it tried stronger measures. "The melody of 'Home sweet Home' will surely

move her!" said Destiny. So, first, it was sung to you by Miss Alice Gomez. That proving of no effect, Miss Savery next tried what she could do, by playing it to you, with variations.—Another failure! "Well!" said Destiny, "Her heart must be as hard as wood: so it shall be played to her on wood!" And this was done, you know, on the 'Xylophone' at the Avenue Theatre. Who could resist that hint to go home?

Most probably every other girl in the theatre, except yourself, went *straight* home directly the thing was over. You, only, lingered on in London, 'interviewing' actresses—in fact, *larking* about, instead of taking Destiny's well-meant hint, and making straight for your home!

This is a sad recollection, and it is no sort of excuse to say, as no doubt you will do, that you don't believe in homeopathy: that has nothing to do with it.

With very kind regards to your mother, and love to Edie, I am

Yours affectionately C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS CXLI-CXLIV

TO HIS NIECES, MENELLA, LUCY AND VIOLET DODGSON

WRITING to his brother, Mr. Wilfred Dodgson, on April 30, 1887, Mr. Dodgson thus expresses his appreciation of his nieces:—

"Now that I have known scores (almost hundreds) of children, I am perhaps abnormally critical of them: but I must in candour say I never met with children

of more perfect behaviour, or more sweetly fascinating, than your Nella and Violet. . . . Nearly all children I have known, with such high animal spirits, are apt to be mischievous and troublesome, teasing one another and making themselves a nuisance generally. Alice has somehow managed to make these children combine the high spirits of children with the good manners of grown-up people. Their presence at the Chestnuts added much to the pleasure of my visit there last week."

In the same letter, he asks that it shall be notified to him when each child has reached an age to make the possession of a watch desirable, adding the wish that: "I would like to earn the character, among your children, of 'our watchful Uncle!'" Letter CXLI and the sham correspondence with a watch-maker, in CXLII, refer to this gift of a gold watch, which took place in due course, to Menella and Lucy respectively.

LETTER CXLI

TO MENELLA DODGSON (NIECE)

Ch. Ch. Oxford May 10. 1888.

(In typescript.)

My DEAR NELLA,

WHAT! You object to waiting 18 years? Well. You are particular!

Why, as soon as 17 years, and 11 months, and 3 weeks had gone, you would only have to wait a week: and what's a week? As this is rather a good riddle, I'll just tell you the answer—but don't tell anyone—it is "seven days." I'm sorry to say the watchmaker

tells me it will take him 18 years and 5 days to make it: but what I said was "Hurry up, hurry up!" And I tried to make him understand that you wouldn't at all like waiting those 5 days. So he says he will do his best to get it finished by the end of 18 years.

It'll be very nice for you to have a watch of your own: because, if Edith ever happens to throw her watch at you, you will be able to throw one at her. Then both watches will be broken, and, as I shan't give you new ones, everything will be brought to a nice finish.

Has Edith read any of her poetry book yet? And which way up does she hold it when she reads it?

I'm so sorry you find my hand-writing so difficult to read: I'll try and write plainer next time.

> Your affectionate Uncle, Charles L. Dodgson.

LETTER CXLII

TO LUCY DODGSON (NIECE)

Copy of correspondence between A. B. (Mr. A. Bach) and C. D. (Mr. C. Dodgson) March, 1889.

I.

(A. B. to C. D.)

What colour would you like the face of the watch to be?

2.

(C. D. to A. B.)

It must match the face of the young lady.

3. (A. B. to C. D.)

Then it had better be a *gold* face—the colour of a child that has Jaundice. All children have Jaundice.

4. (C. D. to A. B.)

This one hasn't.

5. (A. B. to C. D.)

I meant that all children generally have Jaundice.

6. (C. D. to A. B.)

This one *doesn't* have it *generally*—not more than two or three times a year. The watch must match her face when she's *well*.

7· (A. B. to C. D.)

Then it depends on how many lessons she does every day.

8.

(C. D. to A. B.)

What ever do you mean?

9. (A. B. to C. D.)

Why, if a child does only *one* hour's work a day, her face is bright scarlet: if she does *two* hours' work, it's a dull crimson: and so on—how many hours' work does *this* animal do?

10.

(C. D. to A. B.)

She isn't an animal.

II.

(A. B. to C. D.)

Well, this vegetable, then. Don't be so particular.

12.

(C. D. to A. B.)

About twenty-five, I believe.

13.

(A. B. to C. D.)

All right, I know what to do now. The watch shall match her face exactly. When a child does twenty-five hours' work a day, her face is——

14.

(C. D. to A. B.)

Is what?

15. (A. B. to C. D.)

Never mind, you'll see.

I thought there was no good writing any more letters.

C. D.

LETTER CXLIII

TO VIOLET DODGSON (NIECE)

Ch. Ch., Oxford. May 6. 1889.

(In typescript.)

DEAR VIOLET,

I'm glad to hear you children like the Magazine I ordered for you for a year: and if you happen to have seen the book about "Lord Fauntleroy," you'll find an interesting bit about the child that acts the Boy (now they have made a Play of it) in Number Six. She seems to be a child without one bit of pride: a pretty name too, hasn't she? the little "Elsie Leslie Lyde." I grieve to hear your bantam-hen is fond of rolling eggs away. You should remind it now and then, of "Waste not, want not." You should say "a bantam-hen, that wastes an egg, is sure to get extremely poor, and to be forced at last to beg for hard-boiled eggs, from door to door. How would you like it, Bantam-hen," you should go on, "if all your brood were hard-boiled chickens? You would then

be sorry you had been so rude!" Tell it all this, and don't forget! And now I think it's time for me to sign myself, dear Violet,

Your loving Uncle, C. L. D.

RHYMED VERSION

Dear Violet, I'm glad to hear
You children like the Magazine
I ordered for you for a year:
And if you happen to have seen
The book about "Lord Fauntleroy,"
You'll find an interesting bit
About the child that acts the Boy
(Now they have made a Play of it)
In Number Six. She seems to be
A child without one bit of pride:
A pretty name too, hasn't she?
The little "Elsie Leslie Lyde."

I grieve to hear your bantam-hen
Is fond of rolling eggs away.
You should remind it, now and then,
Of "Waste not, want not." You should say
"A bantam-hen that wastes an egg,
Is sure to get extremely poor
And to be forced at last to beg
For hard-boiled eggs from door to door.
How would you like it, Bantam-hen,"
You should go on, "if all your brood
Were hard-boiled chickens, you would then
Be sorry you had been so rude!"

Tell it all this and don't forget!
And now I think it's time for me
To sign myself, dear Violet,
Your loving Uncle,
C. L. D.

LETTER CXLIV

TO VIOLET DODGSON (NIECE)

7. Lushington Road. Eastbourne. Aug. 10/92.

My DEAR VIOLET,

A wild idea has just occurred to me—that it is just possible you might like to come and stay with me for a few days—I wrote to your father about this idea; and he and your mother have given (though of course very reluctantly) their consent—so now all depends on you. If your answer to this is "No! No!! No!!!" why, then I must write to your parents, and say "the game is up! She turns up her Noes at my invitation! And the end of her Noes is (like the end of any other Noes) a snub! It is humiliating, but I must bear it as well as I can!"

If your answer is "I'd rather not: but I don't mind, just for once," why, then I'll fix a day, and come over to Guildford and fetch you. We'll pretend that you're going to stay three or four days—though of course I know, well enough, that you'll want to be taken back again the very next day.

Your loving Uncle

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

LETTERS CXLV-CXLVI

TO NELLIE KNIGHT

NELLIE KNIGHT was a train acquaintance who, in after years, has recalled how, as a small child, she and her brother were travelling to the sea-side with their mother and aunt when an elderly gentleman, carrying a black bag, entered the carriage. He soon made friends with the two children and, producing from the black bag a small collection of pencils, notebooks and puzzles, kept them happily amused until they came to the station where he had to change for Eastbourne. He had asked for their address and a few days later a parcel arrived for Nellie containing a copy of Alice's Adventures Underground. On the fly-leaf was an inscription in hieroglyphic writing, which puzzled them all. Finally they discovered that by holding it up against the light or in front of a looking-glass the words became clear and read thus :-

Nellie Knight
A Souvenir of a
puzzling Railway-journey
taken Aug. 20. 1888
From the Author

No address was enclosed, but a letter then arrived from "Mr. Lewis Carroll," followed three days after by another which revealed the identity of the "new, old friend." Even with a strange child he could not resist his love of teasing, and we find again his favourite joke of pretending that she had been rude and naughty.

P

Miss Knight, who has a clear recollection of the incident, has protested that she never said "sha'n't" and "won't." Her brother appears to have been as much in favour as his sister, in spite of Mr. Dodgson's professed objection to little boys, and was given a copy of *Through the Looking-Glass*.

LETTER CXLV

TO "MISS NELLIE KNIGHT"

" Care of Messrs. Macmillan" 29 Bedford Street Covent Garden.

MR. LEWIS CARROLL presents his respectful compliments to Miss Nellie Knight, and would be glad to know whether she received a little book which he sent for her acceptance on the 21st of this month, and if it is her gracious pleasure to keep it, or if she despises it so much that she would prefer to return it. If she decides to keep it he would be glad, in order to prevent jealousy, to send a book for the little boy—some distant relation of hers, he thinks—who was travelling with her: and will send him either "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," or "Through the Looking-Glass," or "The Hunting of the Snark," whichever book he would like best.

Aug. 28. 1888.

LETTER CXLVI

TO NELLIE KNIGHT

7. Lushington Road, Eastbourne. Sep. 1./88.

My DEAR NELLIE,

One grand letter is enough—I'm going to sign my real name to this. The other one I use for my books, because I don't want to be known, except by friends. Now it seemed to me that you and I had to be friends. Even when I got into the carriage and said "Now please don't get up on my account, do lie down again!" and you said "Sha'n't! You mind your own business!" I only thought "Oh, well, we shall do better soon!" And even when I offered you a puzzle to try and you said "Won't! Don't care for puzzles!" still I thought "Oh, something must have put her out of temper. It won't last long!" The most discouraging time, I think, was when I said "Do look here, Nellie! Sydney has found out this puzzle!" and you said "Hasn't! He never found out a puzzle in all his life!" I almost gave up hope then. However I thought "I'll send her something-either a Chelsea Bun, or a Book! And then, perhaps, she won't be quite so cross!" It took me three or four months to settle which to send you. I wonder if I chose right? Would you rather have a Chelsea Bun?

I'm rather puzzled which book to send to Sydney. He looks so young for "Through the Looking-Glass." However, he found out one puzzle (I forget which it was now: I think the "4 poor men") that I don't

remember any one of his age ever guessing before: so I think it won't be too old a book for him.

I wish you didn't live so far off. I'm afraid we shall never meet again. Why don't you come and stay at Eastbourne a little? It's a charming place, and I hope to be here till about the 10th of October. My real home is "Christ Church, Oxford": but I come here every summer.

Your new, old ("new" as a friend, "old" as a human being), affectionate friend

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

PART IV

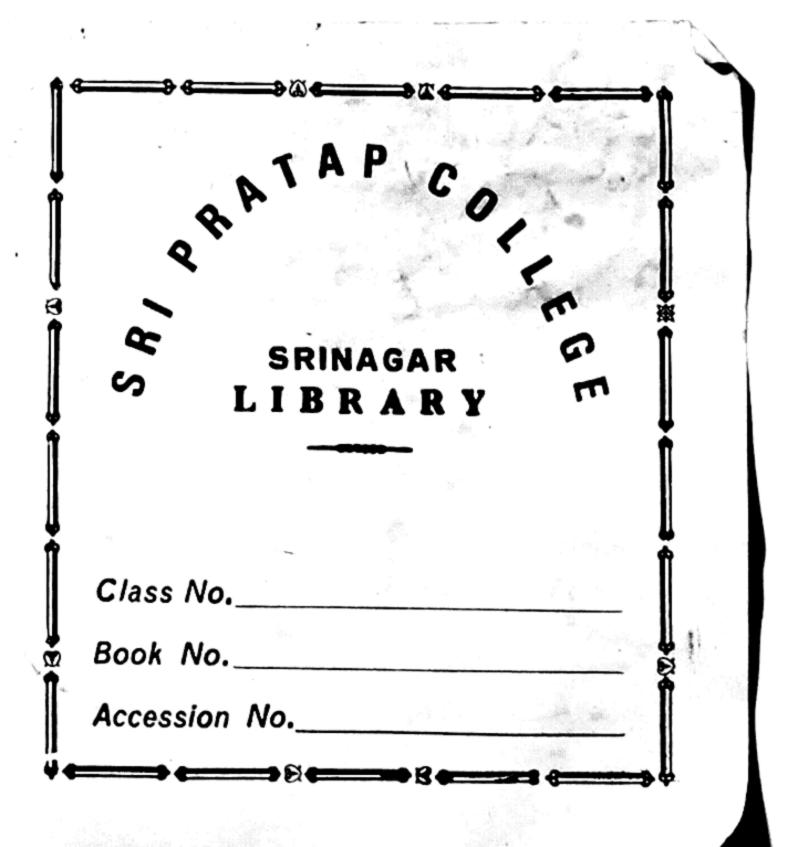
1890–1897

PUBLICATIONS:

Sylvie and Bruno Concluded. 1893.

Syzygies and Lanrick. 1893.

Symbolic Logic. Part I: Elementary. 1896.



LETTER CXLVII

то " а"

THE following is an answer to a lady-friend in Oxford who had written to ask Mr. Dodgson about the truth of some rumour. He stated that he was making enquiries, and concluded:

I added that my own idea of the proper reply to make was to say

(1) that a universal negative is almost impossible to prove.

(2) that the 'onus probandi' did not rest on those who deny that such things are said, but on the 'somebody' who asserts it.

(3) that your best course would be to get hold of your 'somebody' and ask him to produce his evidence. (I venture to prophesy that, if you adopt this last suggestion, you will find that 'somebody' knows nothing about it of his own knowledge, but that he thinks he heard it from a friend, who has a brother that once met an Oxford man.)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Mar. 13/90

LETTERS CXLVIII-CL

TO ISA, NELLY AND MAGGIE BOWMAN

PERHAPS because she took the part of his "dream-child," when Alice in Wonderland was performed

in London, Isa Bowman became to Mr. Dodgson, in his later life, one of his "chiefest of child-friends."

To her, as well as to her sisters, Nellie, Maggie and Emsie, he was "Uncle Charles," and they spent much time with him both at Oxford and at Eastbourne. Never before had he known any children so intimately, and his interest in them was enhanced by the fact that each had a stage-career in front of her.

One of the best and most living portraits of Mr. Dodgson in his later years was given by Isa Bowman in The Story of Lewis Carroll published after his

death in 1899 (Dent & Co.).

His own account of "Isa's visit to Oxford" has been printed in the Lewis Carroll Picture Book, p. 233, and the poem in which he celebrated Maggie's visit is given in the Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll, p. 339.

LETTER CXLVIII

TO ISA BOWMAN (MRS. BARCLAY)

Christ Church, May 16, '90.

DEAREST ISA,

I had this 1 bound for you when the book first came out, and it's been waiting here ever since Dec. 17, for I really didn't dare to send it across the Atlantic —the whales are so inconsiderate. They'd have been sure to want to borrow it to show to the little whales, quite forgetting that the salt water would be sure to spoil it.

Also, I've only been waiting for you to get back to send Emsie the 'Nursery Alice.' I give it to the

¹ I.e. a copy of Sylvie and Bruno.

youngest in a family generally; but I've given one to Maggie as well, because she travels about so much, and I thought she would like to have one to take with her. I hope Nellie's eyes won't get quite green with jealousy, at two (indeed three!) of her sisters getting presents, and nothing for her! I've nothing but my love to send her to-day: but she shall have something some day.

Ever your loving Uncle Charles.

LETTER CXLIX

TO NELLY BOWMAN

Nov. 1. 1891.

C. L. D., Uncle loving your! Instead grandson his to it give to had you that so, years 80 or 70 for it forgot you that was it pity a what and: him of fond so were you wonder don't I and, gentleman old nice very a was he. For it made you that him been have must it see you so: grandfather my was, then alive was that, 'Dodgson Uncle' only the. Born was I before long was that, see you, then. But. 'Dodgson Uncle for pretty thing some make I'll now,' it began you when, yourself to said you that, me telling her without, knew I course of and: ago years many great a it made had you said she. Me told Isa what from was it? For meant was it who out made I how know you do! Lasted has it well how and. Grandfather my for made had you Antimacassar pretty that me give to you of nice so was it, Nelly dear my.

LETTER CL

TO MAGGIE BOWMAN

7 Lushington Road, Eastbourne, September 17, 1893.

OH, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly to Fulham with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favourite size) how I would rap your wicked little knuckles. However, there isn't much harm done, so I will sentence you to a very mild punishment—only one year's imprisonment. If you'll just tell the Fulham policeman about it, he'll manage all the rest for you, and he'll fit you with a nice comfortable pair of hand-cuffs, and lock you up in a nice cosy dark cell, and feed you on nice dry bread and delicious cold water.

But how badly you do spell your words! I was so puzzled about the 'sacks full of love and baskets full of kisses!' But at last I made out why, of course, you meant 'a sack full of gloves, and a basket full of kittens!' Then I understood what you were sending me. And just then Mrs. Dyer came to tell me a large sack and a basket had come. There was such a miawing in the house, as if all the cats in Eastbourne had come to see me! 'Oh, just open them please, Mrs. Dyer, and count the things in them!'

So in a few minutes Mrs. Dyer came and said, '500 pairs of gloves in the sack and 250 kittens in the basket.'

'Dear me! That makes 1000 gloves! four times as many gloves as kittens! It's very kind of Maggie, but why did she send so many gloves? for I haven't got 1000 hands, you know, Mrs. Dyer,'

And Mrs. Dyer said, 'No, indeed, you're 998 hands short of that!'

However the next day I made out what to do, and I took the basket with me and walked off to the parish school—the girls' school, you know—and I said to the mistress, 'How many little girls are there at school to-day?'

'Exactly 250, sir.'

'And have they all been very good all day?'

'As good as gold, sir.'

So I waited outside the door with my basket, and as each little girl came out, I just popped a soft little kitten into her hands! Oh what joy there was! The little girls went all dancing home, nursing their kittens, and the whole air was full of purring! Then, the next morning, I went to the school, before it opened, to ask the little girls how the kittens had behaved in the night. And they all arrived sobbing and crying, and their faces and hands were all covered with scratches, and they had the kittens wrapped up in their pinafores to keep them from scratching any more. And they sobbed out, 'The kittens have been scratching us all night, all the night.'

So then I said to myself, 'What a nice little girl Maggie is. Now I see why she sent all those gloves, and why there are four times as many gloves as kittens!' and I said aloud to the little girls, 'Never mind, my dear children, do your lessons very nicely, and don't cry any more, and when school is over, you'll find me at the door, and you shall see what you shall see!'

So, in the evening, when the little girls came running out, with the kittens still wrapped up in their pinafores, there was I, at the door, with a big sack!

And, as each little girl came out, I just popped into her hand two pairs of gloves! And each little girl unrolled her pinafore and took out an angry little kitten, spitting and snarling, with its claws sticking out like a hedgehog. But it hadn't time to scratch, for, in one moment, it found all its four claws popped into nice soft warm gloves! And then the kittens got quite sweet-tempered and gentle, and began purring again!

So the little girls went dancing home again, and the next morning they came dancing back to school. The scratches were all healed, and they told me 'The kittens have been good!' And, when any kitten wants to catch a mouse, it just takes off one of its gloves; and if it wants to catch two mice, it takes off two gloves; and if it wants to catch three mice, it takes off three gloves; and if it wants to catch four mice, it takes off all its gloves. But the moment they've caught the mice, they pop their gloves on again, because they know we can't love them without their gloves. For, you see, 'gloves' have got 'love' inside them—there's none outside.

So all the little girls said, 'Please thank Maggie and we send her 250 loves, and 1000 kisses in return for her 250 kittens and her 1000 loves!!' And I told them in the wrong order! and they said they hadn't.

Your loving old Uncle

C. L. D.

Love and kisses to Nellie and Emsie.

LETTER CLI

TO ENID STEVENS (MRS. SHAWYER)

A BEAUTIFUL child always made a special appeal to Mr. Dodgson, and Enid Stevens, with her dark curls and large dreamy eyes, was like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' child-angels. Mr. Dodgson had her portrait done in chalks by Miss E. Gertrude Thomson to hang on his walls at Christ Church. She was also sketched by Harry Furniss when he was making his illustrations for Sylvie and Bruno. Enid was Mr. Dodgson's favourite among the Oxford children of the 'nineties and many were the walks and talks they had together. It was a never-ending joke to tease her about her supposed bad temper, but he always treated her with the tenderest affection. The Dedicatory Poem in Sylvie and Bruno Concluded is addressed to Enid Stevens, the third letter of each line forming an acrostic on her name.

LETTER CLI

TO ENID STEVENS (MRS. SHAWYER)

(In tiny script writing, on tiny grey note-paper, decorated with two green parrots in one corner: see facsimile on following page.)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Mar. 15. 1891.

My DEAR ENID,

Please tell your Mother I was ever so much surprised and ever so much pleased with her letter. And I hope ever so much that she'll bring you here



Ch. Ch. Oxford Mar. 15. 1891.

My dear Enid,

Please tell your Mother I was ever so much surprised, and ever so much pleased, with her letter. And I hope ever so much that she'll bring you have to tea, some afternoon when you happen not to be in a passion: for it won't do to have screaming children in College: it would vex the Dean ever so much. I send you ever so much of my love. Get a hammer, and knock it ever so hard, till it comes in two, and then give Winnie half.

Yours ever so affectionately, C. I. Dodgson.

Miss Enid Stevens.

to tea, some afternoon when you happen not to be in a passion: for it won't do to have screaming children in College: it would vex the Dean ever so much. I send you ever so much of my love. Get a hammer and knock it ever so hard, till it comes in two, and then give Winnie half.

Yours ever affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

Miss Enid Stevens.

LETTER CLII

TO SYDNEY BOWLES (THE LADY REDESDALE)

Ch. Ch. Oxford. May 22nd. 1891.

MY DEAR SYDNEY,

I am so sorry, and so ashamed! Do you know, I didn't even know of your existence? And it was such a surprise to hear that you had sent me your love! I felt just as if Nobody had suddenly run into the room, and given me a kiss! (That's the thing which happens to me, most days, just now.) If only I had known you were existing, I would have sent you heaps of love, long ago. And, now I come to think about it, I ought to have sent you the love, without being so particular about whether you existed or not. In some ways, you know, people that don't exist, are much nicer than people that do. For instance, people that don't exist are never cross: and they never contradict you: and they never tread on your toes! Oh, they're ever so much nicer than people that do exist! However, never mind; you

can't help existing, you know; and I daresay you're just as nice as if you didn't.

Which of my books shall I give you, now that I know you're a real child? Would you like 'Alice in Wonderland,' or 'Alice Underground'? (That's the book just as I first wrote it, with my own pictures.)

Please give my love to Weenie, and Vera, and your-self (don't forget the *kiss* to yourself, please: on the forehead is the best place).

Your affectionate friend LEWIS CARROLL.

LETTER CLIII

TO COVENTRY PATMORE

In addition to the interest attaching to the names of the persons mentioned, i.e. the two distinguished actresses, Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, J. L. Toole, the most popular comedian of his day, and the well-known poet, Coventry Patmore (1823–1896), author of The Angel in the House, this letter is noteworthy as an example of the trouble that Mr. Dodgson would take for his friends. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who looks back upon her friendship with him as one of the most delightful memories of her childhood, can remember going to tea with Coventry Patmore as a result of the introduction, and is under the impression that Mr. and Mrs. Patmore both came to see the play.

7. Lushington Road. Eastbourne. Aug. 9/91.

DEAR MR. PATMORE,

. . . I find that my child-friend, Irene Barnes

(she's about 18, I think) the younger sister of the Violet Barnes 1 whose photograph as "Rosalind" I showed you yesterday, is on tour with Mr. Toole's company, and they appear at the Theatre Royal, St. Leonard's, on the night of Wednesday the 19th. Would it not be well for you to break through the bad habit you had for so many years, of not going to the play, and make a party for that night? I'm sure you would be pleased: Mr. Toole is always amusing, and Irene's articulation is lovely! It is a real treat to listen to--If you like to invite her to tea, I fancy she would like it: and you would find her a very nice girl. You might send a note (addressed to "Miss Irene Vanbrugh") to meet her at the theatre: but that might be too late to enable her to come. A better plan would be to write to her at some one of the theatres she is due at before then. So I will put down a list of them.

[Follows a list of dates and addresses.]
Sincerely yours
C. L. Dodgson.

LETTERS CLIV-CLX

TO OLIVE, RUTH AND VIOLET BUTLER AND THEIR FATHER

OLIVE, Ruth and Violet were Oxford friends of the 'nineties, the daughters of the Rev. Arthur Butler of Oriel College.

Miss Violet and Miss Irene Barnes took the stage-name of Vanbrugh.

LETTER CLIV

Ch. Ch. Nov. 15. '92.

My DEAR BUTLER,

You astonish me! How could you think me insane enough to offer those problems (which are about the very hardest I know of) to *children*? Your children have plenty of ability, I can see: but "vivâ voce" instruction, in the hardest parts of a subject of which they probably know *nothing*, would be monstrous waste of time.

No—I meant the problems for "you," individually: not "you" plurally.

Yet, though I decline to come to see your children as a logician, I still hope to do so as a friend.

But tomorrow is, I fear, barred. Miss Beatrice Hatch is coming, for a fourfold purpose—walk, tea, dinner, evening! Your children are but three: the logical conclusion is obvious.

Yours ever

C. L. Dodgson.

Thanks to Ruth for her note: but you may tell her that my feelings were a good deal hurt by it, and that I had quite hoped she would keep the pear, as a gift from me, for long years to come! What would she have thought of me, if I had gobbled up her letter, instead of putting it away in my cabinet, with my diamonds and other treasures?

LETTER CLV

TO OLIVE BUTLER

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Nov. 20. '92.

My DEAR OLIVE,

You may set the Mark, for the *first* Rendezvous, on any one of the middle *four* squares of the empty Diagonal.

I think that's better than limiting it to two squares. There are now two different ways of beginning the Game.

Please tell Violet, with my love, that I hope my next game will be with her.

I don't think it's fair to say "divide 4 pears among 5 people." What you do is to divide the pears and people, counting them as 9 things. Also "pears" are liable to be confused with "pairs." I would say "4 apples are sent to a lady, who has two little girls and two little boys. Shew how to divide things fairly, without making fractions."

Now here's a new puzzle for you.

"Three letters are sent to No. 14 Norham Gardens, for three little girls. Explain why the result is that one loses all her falseness, another loses all her gentleness, and another becomes a regicide." 1

Yours affectionately

C. L. D.

¹ The names of the three little girls were: Ruth, Violet, and Olive, so that the "letters" sent are meant to be "t," "n," and "r" respectively, thus;

[&]quot;Ruth" becomes "Truth" "Violet" becomes "Violent"

[&]quot;Olive" becomes "Oliver" (Cromwell).

LETTER CLVI

TO RUTH BUTLER

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Nov. 24. 1892.

My DEAR RUTH,

I know I'm dreadfully inquisitive, but I can only say—just as you would say, you know, if you happened to be sitting at the end of the table at dinner, and found a dish of roast rhinoceros before you—"I can't help it!"

Well, that being so, what I want to know is this: which of my books (if any) does each of you three girls possess?

Yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLVII

TO OLIVE BUTLER

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Nov. 25, 1892.

My dear Olive,

I think the "affec" in your signature very ingenious, as it is impossible to guess whether you mean "affectionally" or "affectionately," or "affectedly": you shall have an easier one this time.

But oh, my child, you ought to put a date to your letter! Ask your Mother to lend you a nice little book about letter-writing, called "Wise Words" (if she happens to have it), and then you'll know all about that.

So you got into a puzzle, as to grammar, with the sentence "The pictures are all very pretty, but I think Tweedledum and Tweedledee () the nicest;"

and first put "is" and then altered it to "are"? Neither of them sounds quite right; but I think "is" is the best: you see you are using the phrase "Tweed-ledum and Tweedledee" as the name of one picture, and not as the names of two men.

I have put a new rule into "Lanrick": "a Player may not move more than 3 squares with one man, unless it is his only one outside the Rendezvous."

Now for the book question. I want to give some books to each of you. What do you think of the following list?

Olive—" Sylvie and Bruno."

Ruth—" Alice Underground."

Violet—" The Nursery Alice"?

Or can you make out a list that you would like better?

I am

Your loving friend

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLVIII

TO OLIVE BUTLER

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Nov. 27. '92.

My DEAR OLIVE,

For "Sylvie and Bruno," and "Alice Underground," there is choice of binding, red, or white. (White and gold looks very pretty, but of course is liable to get soiled by use, more than red.) Which shall it be?

With best love, I remain yours truly,

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLIX

TO OLIVE BUTLER

Ch. Ch. Oxford. Dec. 22. '92.

What can you be thinking of, my dear Wild Olive? Didn't we agree that my next visit should be on the 15th of March? And didn't you write to say you thought it "a little too soon," and that, on the whole, you would prefer the 16th?

Take a hint from the enclosed, and learn that Suspense is one of the most delightful feelings that you can have! It is the feeling you get, when you have sat down to dinner, and the cook sends word that "it won't be ready for another hour."

Also the feeling you get, when your father shows you a bright new threepenny-piece, and says "I'll give it you when you are older."

I'm off to Guildford to-morrow, and have no spare time till next Term: so can't come, I fear, till then.

Love to your sisters.

Yours affectionately

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLX

TO OLIVE, RUTH AND VIOLET BUTLER

The Chestnuts, Guildford. Dec. 29. 1892.

LOVE, thanks, and a kiss, to be distributed among the three in whatever way best suits the taste of each.

I send you (over leaf) a specimen of a sort of a kind of a species of Charade.

C. L. D.

VIOLET
VIOLET
VIOLET
VIOLET
VIOLET

To find the eldest of the pets, Go search among the violets!

My First is a berry:
My Second is sorrow:
My Third from the cherry
Its sweetness doth borrow:
My Whole is too merry
To care for the morrow!

LETTER CLXI

TO MRS. EGERTON

(Mrs. Egerton had recently come to live in Oxford, with her five daughters, some of whom attended Mr. Dodgson's Logic Classes at the High School.)

Ch. Ch. Mar. 8/94.

DEAR MRS. EGERTON,

It was a very pleasant experience for me—the hour or so that I spent the other day, with you and your family. And I should like to try, if you do not object, to make real friends of your girls: of course

we are only just acquaintances as yet. Much of the brightness of my life, and it has been a wonderfully happy one, has come from the friendship of girl-friends. Twenty or thirty years ago, 'ten' was about my ideal age for such friends; now 'twenty' or 'twenty-five' is nearer the mark. Some of my dearest child-friends are 30 and more: and I think an old man of 62 has the right to regard them as being 'child-friends' still.

But I have very little time, now, for society. (In fact, years ago, I began to decline *all* invitations.) The remaining years may be very few: and there is *much* work I still want to do.

The time I can best spare is from 7 to 9 or 10: as it only means my dining in my rooms instead of hall, and not returning to work (which indeed is never wise to do) directly after dinner. So I have for some years had dinner-parties of a novel kind—one young lady as guest! And I would like, if you do not object, to try the experiment with Gussie. I would come for her at about 6, and escort her home as late as you would allow her to stay. I write this request rather than call to ask it, as, if you do mean to refuse it, it is much pleasanter for both, to do so in writing. Any day would suit me.

Believe me

very truly yours

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLXII

TO MABEL SCOTT (MRS. UNDERHILL)

Ch. Ch. Oxford Mar. 29./94.

Oн dear, oh dear. What ever is Society coming to ! 230

Here's a young person of over 17 (That I surmise) sending her 'love' to a young gentleman of under 70 (that I guarantee)!

Evidently your head has been turned with anagrams. Your idea of a good anagram is, no doubt,

AMIABLEST? 'TIS MABEL!

(i.e. 'Who is the most lovable young lady at present extant?' It is so-and-so.')

That's all very well: but I can make you a much better anagram,

WHERE MABEL? WE BLAME HER.

(i.e. 'In what condition is so-and-so at present?' She's in that state of mind that all judicious friends shake their heads at her!')

Give my love to Edith, please, and believe me (it's all your fault, you know, not mine).

Yours afftely

C. L. Dodgson.

LETTER CLXIII

TO WINIFRED SCHUSTER

MR. Dodgson as "Lewis Carroll" always set his face against autograph-hunters and used to get his friends to answer letters from strangers whom he suspected of being in search of his signature and handwriting. This letter appears to be a case in point.

The "date-rhyme" is an allusion to his Memoria Technica, whereby the last three consonants of a

rhyme would correspond to certain figures and thus give the clue to the date.

7. Lushington Road. Eastbourne Oct. 14, 1894.

My DEAR WINNIE,

I come to you, as to a friend who writes a good hand and who I think will not mind taking a little trouble for me.

This enclosure is one of those letters I sometimes have to write, which I want written not in my own hand—— Would you kindly copy it for me on the enclosed note-sheet, and let me have the copy and the original back?

I am

your loving friend Charles L. Dodgson.

Here is one date-rhyme, which I happened to make the other day.

Completion of Wycliffe's Bible

The Bible to translate Brought Wycliffe naught but hate.

He died in the following year—a date of no importance whatever, and therefore selected for school-girls to learn.

The Notes for Memoria Technica, reproduced in facsimile on p. 234, were jotted down by Mr. Dodgson as he explained his system to the child-friend who has now become Editor of these Selections. They show the table of letters and digits and put, as an example,

those corresponding to the date 1492, namely f, n, d (the first figure 1, being always taken for granted). Combined with vowels, the word "found" is made from these three consonants, and placed at the end of an easily-remembered couplet for the discovery of America:

"Columbus sailed the world around Until America was found."

Mr. Dodgson invented a date-rhyme for most of the colleges in Oxford, and that for his own college, Christ Church, is here given, the allusion being to the great bell "Tom" which hung in "Tom Tower" close to his rooms. The last three consonants indicate the date of the foundation: 1546. The third couplet appears to refer to the death of King Henry VII—1509, but requires explanation. On the reverse side of the paper (not shown in facsimile) are two particularly appropriate rhymes; the first giving the date for Brasenose College, with its famous "Brazen Nose" over the door:

"With a nose that is brazen
Our gate we emblazon," (l, z, n = 1509)

and the second that of the battle of Crécy, which was lost by the French because the bows of their archers had been drenched in a shower of rain:

"The string is wet! If so, (t, f, s = 1346)
Useless is my bow!"

but here the date is to be found at the end of the first line. The couplet given for Wycliffe's Bible in the above letter shows the date, 1383, quite correctly in the last three consonants.

NOTES FOR MEMORIA TECHNICA <u>ე</u> 8 0 ŋ 9

LETTER CLXIV

TO MARY NEWBY (MRS. D. J. MASON)

THE pseudonym "Lewis Carroll" was often successful in hiding the identity of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson. Mary Newby, who received this letter, had little suspicion that the writer was the famous author of Alice in Wonderland. She knew him only as a "kind old gentleman" who had travelled with her in the train when she was on her way to school at Eastbourne, and had helped to pass the time by showing her some photographs of little girls, asking her riddles and giving her wire-puzzles to play with. She told her adventure to her school-mistress and gave her the letter which she received a few days later. But the proposed classes never took place, and the offer of friendship was rejected, as the mistress seems to have regarded the old gentleman with some suspicion and discouraged Mary from sending him a reply. Years later, on the death of the school-mistress, the letter was found among her possessions and returned to Mary Newby. Then she found out who had written to her, but too late, as both C. L. Dodgson and Lewis Carroll had passed into "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

LETTER CLXIV

TO MARY I. NEWBY (MRS. D. J. MASON)

7. Lushington Rd. Eastbourne. Sep. 29/94.

My DEAR (Christian name unknown),
I find I have a duplicate ring-puzzle with me,

A Selection from the Letters of

and so beg your acceptance of it. Don't be in too great a hurry to explain it to your friends! A state of puzzlement is good for the young, as it leads to a spirit of enquiry.

Railway journeys certainly have one advantage—that of starting accidental friendships, which sometimes turn out (at least according to my experience) both pleasant and permanent. I wonder what will be the fate of this one!

Would you try to propitiate your mistress for me, and get her permission for me to call on her—in the wild hope that she will let our friendship continue? If she can find a time when she and her girls have a spare half-hour (or, better, hour), I shall be happy to teach them one or two things which I have taught (seemingly to their satisfaction) to the girls at the Oxford High School. What they would like best, perhaps, would be a Memoria Technica (of my own devising) by which they can learn with ease any dates they like.

If she is graciously disposed, the earlier the day she names, the better, as my time is getting short.

I have many a young friend of your age, and hope to be allowed to add you to the list, and that you will some day allow me to sign myself

Yours affectionately Charles L. Dodgson.

P.S. Now isn't that adverb neatly brought in! Really, I am rather proud of it. Of course, if I had simply signed myself "yours affectionately" you would have resented it (in spite of the 40 years interval between our ages) with the bitterest indignation: but by making it the end of a sentence I have made it quite unobjectionable. As you seem to like

Lewis Carroll to His Child-Friends

puzzles, here are some more for you. Make sense of this sentence: "It was and I said not all." Make the letters of this sentence into one word: "nor do we." Read this (it is French):

I liers G sans

[J'ai souci sans souliers G sous i, sans sous liers]

LETTER CLXV

TO MARGARET MAYHEW (MRS. DAVIES)

MARGARET MAYHEW was a friend of Enid Stephens and Ethel Harland and all three went to the Oxford High School where Mr. Dodgson was giving a course of Logic classes.

In his old age he still continued to tease children for their supposed bad temper and naughtiness, but the

humour is now more forced.

LETTER CLXV

TO MARGARET MAYHEW (MRS. DAVIES)

Ch. Ch. Feb: 29. 1896.

My DEAR MARGARET,

As I hear you are studying Logic with Enid, I wish to warn you not to choose any examples likely

1 It was "and," I said, not "all."
2 "Nor do we"

"Nor do we"
Yes, we do:
And in "One Word"
I'll tell it you!

A Selection from the Letters of

to ruffle her temper (you know how easily ruffled it is). For instance, you mustn't think of proposing to do example Number 17, at page 197

"All scamps deserve thrashing; Some dogs are scamps."

Also if she happens to do the sorites, Number 28, at page 215,

"Girls over four-foot-nine are lazy; Lazy girls are of no use at all; A useless girl is detestable,"

you had better at once turn to the next page, and choose another example. Otherwise, she will soon be out of sorts, and perhaps you may get hurt.

I need not tell you how sorry I am to see so many little tiffs between you and her. To pull each other's hair perhaps doesn't matter much. It is always pleasant to be reminded, even if it hurts a little, that one's hair is real, and not a wig. But scratching should be, if possible, avoided—it is too much like a cat.

Also I need not say how sorry I am that your friend Ethel Harland won't confess that she was the child who was being punished when I called last Tuesday at the High School. This is very sad, children should always confess everything they are accused of. Then everybody will say "What a sweet candid child she is!" Sugar-candied, in fact!

Your affectionate friend

C. L. D.

Lewis Carroll to His Child-Friends

LETTER CLXVI

TO DOROTHY JOY LANE POOLE

What shall I call thee?

"I happy am—

Joy is my name."

Sweet Joy befall thee!

THERE, my dear Dorothy; if you happen not to have seen these lines before, and if you can guess, from the style, who wrote them, I will admit that you are a fairly good judge of modern poetry!

Having now allowed a year or two (more or less) to elapse, in order to give you time to recover your courage, I write to ask whether you are disengaged for next Saturday evening, and, if so, whether I may fetch you at $6\frac{1}{2}$, to one of my grand dinner-parties.

Do not be alarmed at the *number* of the guests: it will be '99999 &c. It *looks* alarming, I grant: but circulating decimals lose much of their grandeur when reduced to vulgar fractions!

Two things need to be mentioned-

One is, evening-dress is not expected—I wear morning-dress myself; so why should my guests be more ceremonious? (I do so hate ceremony!)

Another is, what do you usually drink at dinner? My lady-guests mostly prefer draught-lemonade—but you can have any of the following beverages:—

- (1) bottled lemonade;
- (2) ginger-beer;
- (3) beer;
- (4) water;

1 Blake, Songs of Innocence.

A Selection from the Letters of

- (5) milk;
- (6) vinegar;
- (7) ink.

Nobody has yet chosen either No. 6 or No. 7.

By the way, "morning dress" includes morning shoes (or boots). So don't bother yourself to bring evening-shoes, unless it is a positive discomfort to you to wear the others—In that case, perhaps the best thing to bring would be a pair of those lovely morocco slippers, with fur-edges—(N.B. I once tried to buy such a pair, for myself: but only got the crushing reply that "slippers of that kind are only worn by ladies"!)

Affectionately yours,

C. L. Dodgson.

Ch. Ch. Nov. 11. '96.

LETTER CLXVII

TO FLORENCE JACKSON

I HAVE two reasons for sending you this fable; one is, that in a letter you wrote me you said something about my being "clever"; and the other is that, when you wrote again, you said it again! And each time I thought, "Really, I must write and ask her not to say such things; it is not wholesome reading for me."

The fable is this. The cold, frosty, bracing air is the treatment one gets from the world generally—such as contempt, or blame, or neglect; all those are very wholesome. And the hot dry air, that you

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breathe when you rush to the fire, is the praise that one gets from one's young, happy, rosy, I may even say *florid* friends! And that's very bad for me, and gives pride-fever, and conceit-cough, and such-like diseases.

Now I'm sure you don't want me to be laid up with all these diseases; so please don't praise me any more!

LETTER CLXVIII

TO "THE LOWRIE CHILDREN"

My DEAR CHILDREN,

It was a real pleasure to me to get your letter; but before I answer it, I have two humble requests to make: One is, please don't make it generally known that I have written to you, so as to bring on me a flood of letters from all the American children who have read "Alice" and who would expect answers! I don't want to spend all the rest of my life (being close on the age when Dr. O. W. Holmes says "old age" begins) in writing letters! (I wonder if you know his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"? I delight in it.) And my other request is please never again praise me at all as if any powers I may have, in writing books for children, were my own doing. I just feel myself a trustee, that is all-you would not take much credit to yourselves, I suppose, if a sum of money had been put into your hands and you had been told "spend all this for the good of the little ones"? And besides, praise isn't good for any of us: love is, and it would be a good thing if all the world were

A Selection from the Letters of

full of it; I like my books to be loved, and I like to think some children love me for the books, but I don't like them praised—I'll tell you what I like to think of best, about the "Alice" books—I've had a lot printed on cheaper paper, in plain bindings, and given them to hospitals and Convalescent Homes—for poor, sick children: and it's ever so much pleasanter to think of one child being saved some weary hours, than if all the town followed at my heels crying "how clever he is!" I am sure you would think so too.

Some rather droll things happened about those hospitals: I sent round a printed letter, to offer the books, with a list of the Hospitals, and asking people to add to the list any I had left out. And one manager wrote that he knew of a place where there were a number of sick children, but he was afraid I wouldn't like to give them any books—and why? do you think, "Because they are Jews!" I wrote to say of course I would give them some: why in the world shouldn't little Israelites read "Alice's Adventures" as well as other children!

Another—a "Lady Superior"—wrote to ask to see a copy of "Alice" before accepting it: for she had to be very careful, all the children being Roman Catholics, as to what religious reading they got! I wrote to say "you shall certainly see it first if you like: but I can guarantee that the books have no religious teaching whatever in them—in fact they do not teach anything at all." She said she was quite satisfied and would accept the books.

But while I am running on in this way I'm leaving your letter unanswered. As to the meaning of the

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Snark? I'm very much afraid I didn't mean anything but nonsense! Still, you know, words mean more than we mean to express when we use them: so a whole book ought to mean a great deal more than the writer meant. So, whatever good meanings are in the book, I'm very glad to accept as the meaning of the book. The best that I've seen is by a lady (she published it in a letter to a newspaper)—that the whole book is an allegory on the search after happiness. I think this fits beautifully in many ways—particularly about the bathing machines: when the people get weary of life, and can't find happiness in town or in books, then they rush off to the seaside to see what bathing-machines will do for them.¹

Would you mind giving me a more definite idea of whom I am writing to, by sending me your names and your ages? I feel as if we were kind of friends already: but the one idea of "The Lowrie Children" is too shadowy to get hold of fairly. It is like making friends with a will-o'-the-wisp. I believe nobody ever succeeded in making an intimate friend of one of those things. Read up your ancient history and you won't find a single instance of it. I would have added, to "names and ages," "and your cartes," only I'm afraid you'd then expect mine, and that I never give away (my reason is that I want to be personally unknown: to be known by sight by strangers would be intolerable to me), so I am afraid I can't, with a good grace, ask for yours.

I'm very fond of inventing games; and I enclose you the rules of one, "Misch-Masch": see how you like it. One advantage is that it needs no counters

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or anything: so you can play it out walking, or up in a balloon, or down in a diving-bell, or anywhere!

Your loving friend

Lewis Carroll.

After posting the letter, I remembered I had never said a word about Jabberwocky and "Der Tyroler und sein Kind." Thank you very much for it: it is one of the loveliest airs I know—and oh, so much too good for such words! Once more, Your loving friend (your twopenny-halfpenny friend this time)

Lewis Carroll.

LETTER CLXIX

TO MAY BARBER (MRS. STRETTON)

MENTION of the meaning of "the Snark" has already been made in Letters LXIV, CXVI, CLXVIII, and the author seems now to have found an answer to the many questions he has been asked about it.

May Barber's mother had a very successful and happy school for girls at Eastbourne, where Mr. Dodgson was on excellent terms with both mistresses and pupils (see Introduction, p. 10). The joke in this letter is therefore obvious.

I am indebted to Mrs. Stretton for an interesting sidelight on Mr. Dodgson's life at Eastbourne at this period. She and her friend Winifred Schuster (to whom Letter CLXIII is addressed) used to go with him from time to time on Sunday evenings to hear him preach at some of the outlying villages. He always made them sit at the back of the church and asked them to repeat the sermon to him on the way

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home, so that he might know how much of it had been heard by the congregation.

The Chestnuts. Guildford. Jan. 12. 1897.

My DEAR MAY,

In answer to your question, "What did you mean the Snark was?" will you tell your friend that I meant that the Snark was a *Boojum*. I trust that she and you will now feel quite satisfied and happy.

To the best of my recollection, I had no other meaning in my mind, when I wrote it: but people have since tried to find the meanings in it. The one I like best (which I think is partly my own) is that it may be taken as an Allegory for the Pursuit of Happiness. The characteristic "ambition" works well into this theory—and also its fondness for bathing-machines, as indicating that the pursuer of happiness, when he has exhausted all other devices, betakes himself, as a last and desperate resource, to some such wretched watering-place as Eastbourne, and hopes to find, in the tedious and depressing society of the daughters of mistresses of boarding-schools, the happiness he has failed to find elsewhere.¹

With every good wish for your happiness, and for the priceless boon of health also, I am always affectionately yours.

C. L. Dodgson.

¹ Cf. Letter CLXVIII.

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LETTER CLXX

TO ALL CHILD-READERS OF "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND"

DEAR CHILDREN,

At Christmas-time a few grave words are not quite out of place, I hope, even at the end of a book of nonsense—and I want to take this opportunity of thanking the thousands of children who have read "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," for the kindly interest they have taken in my little dream-child.

The thought of the many English firesides where happy faces have smiled her a welcome, and of the many English children to whom she has brought an hour of (I trust) innocent amusement, is one of the brightest and pleasantest thoughts of my life. I have a host of young friends already, whose names and faces I know—but I cannot help feeling as if, through "Alice's Adventures" I had made friends with many many other dear children, whose faces I shall never see.

To all my little friends, known and unknown, I wish with all my heart, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." May God bless you, dear children, and make each Christmas-tide, as it comes round to you, more bright and beautiful than the last—bright with the presence of that unseen Friend, who once on earth blessed little children—and beautiful with memories of a loving life, which has sought and found that truest kind of happiness, the only kind that is really worth the having, the happiness of making others happy too!

Your affectionate Friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

Christmas. 1871.

EIGHT OR NINE

WISE WORDS

ABOUT

LETTER-WRITING

(First published in the form of a tiny booklet (size 4 × 3 in.) made to slip into the Envelope of "The Wonderful Postage-Stamp Case," 1890. Presentation copies of the Stamp Case were usually inscribed by Lewis Carroll, in minute script-writing: "From the Inventor.")

WISE WORDS

§ I. ON STAMP-CASES

Some American writer has said "the snakes in this district may be divided into one species—the venomous." The same principle applies here. Postage-Stamp-Cases may be divided into one species, the "Wonderland." Imitations of it will soon appear, no doubt: but they cannot include the two Pictorial Surprises, which are copyright.

You don't see why I call them 'Surprises'? Well, take the Case in your left hand, and regard it attentively. You see Alice nursing the Duchess's Baby? (An entirely new combination, by the way: it doesn't occur in the book.) Now, with your right thumb and forefinger, lay hold of the little book, and suddenly pull it out. The Baby has turned into a Pig! If that doesn't surprise you, why, I suppose you wouldn't be surprised if your own Mother-in-law suddenly turned into a Gyroscope!

This Case is *not* intended to carry about in your pocket. Far from it. People seldom want any other Stamps, on an emergency, than Penny-Stamps for Letters, Sixpenny-Stamps for Telegrams, and a bit of Stamp-edging for cut fingers (it makes capital sticking-plaster, and will stand three or four washings, cautiously conducted): and all these are easily carried in a purse or pocket-book. No, *this* is meant to haunt your envelope-case, or wherever you keep your writing-materials. What made me invent it was the constantly wanting Stamps of other values, for foreign Letters, Parcel Post, &c., and finding it very bothersome to get

at the kind I wanted in a hurry. Since I have possessed a "Wonderland Stamp Case," Life has been bright and peaceful, and I have used no other. I believe the Queen's laundress uses no other.

Each of the pockets will hold 6 stamps, comfortably. I would recommend you to arrange the 6, before putting them in, something like a bouquet, making them lean to the right and to the left alternately: thus there will always be a free corner to get hold, so as to take them out, quickly and easily, one by one: otherwise you will find them apt to come out two or three at a time.

According to my experience, the 5d., 9d., and 1s. Stamps are hardly ever wanted, though I have constantly to replenish all the other pockets. If your experience agrees with mine, you may find it convenient to keep only a couple (say) of each of these 3 kinds, in the 1s. pocket, and to fill the other 2 pockets with extra 1d. stamps.

§ 2. HOW TO BEGIN A LETTER

If the Letter is to be in answer to another, begin by getting out that other letter and reading it through, in order to refresh your memory, as to what it is you have to answer, and as to your correspondent's present address (otherwise you will be sending your letter to his regular address in London, though he has been careful in writing to give you his Torquay address in full.)

Next, Address and Stamp the Envelope. "What! Before writing the Letter?" Most certainly. And I'll tell you what will happen if you don't. You will

go on writing till the last moment, and just in the middle of the last sentence, you will become aware that 'time's up!' Then comes the hurried wind-up—the wildly-scrawled signature—the hastily-fastened envelope, which comes open in the post—the address, a mere hieroglyphic—the horrible discovery that you've forgotten to replenish your Stamp-Case—the frantic appeal, to every one in the house, to lend you a Stamp—the headlong rush to the Post Office, arriving, hot and gasping, just after the box has closed—and finally, a week afterwards, the return of the Letter, from the Dead-Letter Office, marked "address illegible"!

Next, put your own address, in full, at the top of the note-sheet. It is an aggravating thing—I speak from bitter experience—when a friend, staying at some new address, heads his letter "Dover," simply, assuming that you can get the rest of the address from his previous letter, which perhaps you have destroyed.

Next, put the date in full. It is another aggravating thing, when you wish, years afterwards, to arrange a series of letters, to find them dated "Feb. 17," "Aug. 2," without any year to guide you as to which comes first. And never, never, dear Madam (N.B. this remark is addressed to ladies only: no man would ever do such a thing), put "Wednesday," simply, as the date!

" That way madness lies."

§ 3. HOW TO GO ON WITH A LETTER

Here is a golden Rule to begin with. Write legibly. The average temper of the human race would be

perceptibly sweetened, if everybody obeyed this Rule! A great deal of the bad writing in the world comes simply from writing too quickly. Of course you reply, "I do it to save time." A very good object, no doubt: but what right have you to do it at your friend's expense? Isn't his time as valuable as yours? Years ago, I used to receive letters from a friend-and very interesting letters too-written in one of the most atrocious hands ever invented. It generally took me about a week to read one of his letters! I used to carry it about in my pocket, and take it out at leisure times, to puzzle over the riddles which composed itholding it in different positions, and at different distances, till at last the meaning of some hopeless scrawl would flash upon me, when I at once wrote down the English under it; and, when several had been thus guessed, the context would help one with the others, till at last the whole series of hieroglyphics was deciphered. If all one's friends wrote like that. Life would be entirely spent in reading their letters!

This Rule applies, specially, to names of people or places—and most specially to foreign names. I got a letter once, containing some Russian names, written in the same hasty scramble in which people often write "yours sincerely." The context, of course, didn't help in the least: and one spelling was just as likely as another, so far as I knew: it was necessary to write and tell my friend that I couldn't read any of them!

My second Rule is, don't fill more than a page and a half with apologies for not having written sooner!

The best subject, to begin with, is your friend's last letter. Write with the letter open before you.

Answer his questions, and make any remarks his letter suggests. Then go on to what you want to say yourself. This arrangement is more courteous, and pleasanter for the reader, than to fill the letter with your own invaluable remarks, and then hastily answer your friend's questions in a postscript. Your friend is much more likely to enjoy your wit, after his own anxiety for information has been satisfied.

In referring to anything your friend has said in his letter, it is best to quote the exact words, and not to give a summary of them in your words. A's impression, of what B has said, expressed in A's words, will never

convey to B the meaning of his own words.

This is specially necessary when some point has arisen as to which the two correspondents do not quite agree. There ought to be no opening for such writing as "You are quite mistaken in thinking I said so-and-so. It was not in the least my meaning, &c., &c.," which tends to make a correspondence last for a lifetime.

A few more Rules may fitly be given here, for correspondence that has unfortunately become controversial.

One is, don't repeat yourself. When once you have said your say, fully and clearly, on a certain point, and have failed to convince your friend, drop that subject: to repeat your arguments, all over again, will simply lead to his doing the same; and so you will go on, like a Circulating Decimal. Did you ever know a Circulating Decimal come to an end?

Another Rule is, when you have written a letter that you feel may possibly irritate your friend, however necessary you may have felt it to so express yourself, put it aside till the next day. Then read it over again,

and fancy it addressed to yourself. This will often lead to your writing it all over again, taking out a lot of the vinegar and pepper, and putting in honey instead, and thus making a much more palatable dish of it! If, when you have done your best to write inoffensively, you still feel that it will probably lead to further controversy, keep a copy of it. There is very little use, months afterwards, in pleading "I am almost sure I never expressed myself as you say: to the best of my recollection I said so-and-so." Far better to be able to write "I did not express myself so: these are the words I used."

My fifth Rule is, if your friend makes a severe remark, either leave it unnoticed, or make your reply distinctly less severe: and if he makes a friendly remark, tending towards 'making up' the little difference that has arisen between you, let your reply be distinctly more friendly. If, in picking a quarrel, each party declined to go more than three-eighths of the way, and if, in making friends, each was ready to go five-eighths of the way—why, there would be more reconciliations than quarrels! Which is like the Irishman's remonstrance to his gad-about daughter—"Shure, you're always goin' out! You go out three times, for wanst that you come in!"

My sixth Rule (and my last remark about controversial correspondence) is, don't try to have the last word! How many a controversy would be nipped in the bud, if each was anxious to let the other have the last word! Never mind how telling a rejoinder you leave unuttered: never mind your friend's supposing that you are silent from lack of anything to say: let the thing drop, as soon as it is possible without

discourtesy: remember 'speech is silvern, but silence is golden '! (N.B.—If you are a gentleman, and your friend a lady, this Rule is superfluous: you won't get the last word!)

My seventh Rule is, if it should ever occur to you to write, jestingly, in dispraise of your friend, be sure you exaggerate enough to make the jesting obvious: a word spoken in jest, but taken as earnest, may lead to very serious consequences. I have known it to lead to the breaking-off of a friendship. Suppose, for instance, you wish to remind your friend of a sovereign you have lent him, which he has forgotten to repayyou might quite mean the words "I mention it, as you seem to have a conveniently bad memory for debts," in jest: yet there would be nothing to wonder at if he took offence at that way of putting it. But, suppose you wrote "Long observation of your career, as a pickpocket and a burglar, has convinced me that my one lingering hope, for recovering that sovereign I lent you, is to say 'Pay up, or I'll summons yer!'" he would indeed be a matter-of-fact friend if he took that as seriously meant!

My eighth Rule. When you say, in your letter, "I enclose cheque for £5," or "I enclose John's letter for you to see," leave off writing for a moment go and get the document referred to-and put it into the envelope. Otherwise, you are pretty certain to find it lying about, after the Post has gone!

My ninth Rule. When you get to the end of a note-sheet, and find you have more to say, take another piece of paper-a whole sheet, or a scrap, as the case may demand: but, whatever you do, don't cross! Remember the old proverb 'Cross-writing makes cross

"How old?" Well, not so very ancient, I must confess. In fact, I'm afraid I invented it while writing this paragraph! Still, you know, 'old' is a comparative term. I think you would be quite justified in addressing a chicken, just out of the shell, as "Old boy!", when compared with another chicken, that was only half-out!

§ 4. HOW TO END A LETTER

If doubtful whether to end with 'yours faithfully,' or 'yours truly,' or 'yours most truly,' &c. (there are at least a dozen varieties, before you reach 'yours affectionately'), refer to your correspondent's last letter, and make your winding-up at least as friendly as his: in fact, even if a shade more friendly, it will do no harm!

A Postscript is a very useful invention: but it is not meant (as so many ladies suppose) to contain the real gist of the letter: it serves rather to throw into the shade any little matter we do not wish to make a fuss about. For example, your friend had promised to execute a commission for you in town, but forgot it, thereby putting you to great inconvenience: and he now writes to apologize for his negligence. It would be cruel, and needlessly crushing, to make it the main subject of your reply. How much more gracefully it comes in thus! "P.S. Don't distress yourself any more about having omitted that little matter in town. I won't deny that it did put my plans out a little, at the time: but it's all right now. I often forget things, myself: and 'those who live in glass-houses, mustn't throw stones,' you know!"

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When you take your letters to the Post, carry them in your hand. If you put them in your pocket you will take a long country-walk (I speak from experience), passing the Post-Office twice, going and returning, and, when you get home, will find them still in your pocket.

§ 5. ON REGISTERING CORRESPONDENCE

Let me recommend you to keep a record of Letters Received and Sent. I have kept one for many years, and have found it of the greatest possible service, in many ways: it secures my answering Letters, however long they have to wait; it enables me to refer, for my own guidance, to the details of previous correspondence, though the actual Letters may have been destroyed long ago; and, most valuable feature of all, if any difficulty arises, years afterwards, in connection with a half-forgotten correspondence, it enables me to say, with confidence, "I did not tell you that he was 'an invaluable servant in every way,' and that you couldn't 'trust him too much,' I have a précis of my letter. What I said was 'he is a valuable servant in many ways, but don't trust him too much.' So, if he's cheated you, you really must not hold me responsible for it!"

I will now give you a few simple Rules for making, and keeping, a Letter-Register.

Get a blank book, containing (say) 200 leaves, about 4 inches wide and 7 high. It should be well fastened into its cover, as it will have to be opened and shut hundreds of times. Have a line ruled, in red ink, down each margin of every page, an inch off the edge (the margin should be wide enough to contain a number

of 5 digits, easily: I manage with a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch margin: but, unless you write very small you will find an inch more comfortable).

Write a précis of each Letter, received or sent, in chronological order. Let the entry of a 'received' Letter reach from the left-hand edge to the right-hand marginal line; and the entry of a 'sent' Letter from the left-hand marginal line to the right-hand edge. Thus the two kinds will be quite distinct, and you can easily hunt through the 'received' Letters by themselves, without being bothered with the 'sent' Letters; and vice versâ.

Use the *right-hand* pages only: and, when you come to the end of the book, turn it upside-down, and begin at the other end, still using right-hand pages. You will find this much more comfortable than using left-hand pages.

You will find it convenient to write, at the top of every sheet of a 'received' Letter, its Register-Number

in full.

I will now give a few (ideal) specimen pages of my Letter-Register, and make a few remarks on them: after which I think you will find it easy enough to manage one for yourself.

29217	/90.	
(217) sendg, J., a	Ap. 1. (Tu.) <i>Jones, Mrs.</i> am as present from self and Mr. white elephant.	27518 225
(218) grand	do. Wilkins & Co. bill, for piano, £175 10s. 6d. [pd	28743 221, 2
"Grand	do. Scareham, H. [writes from Hotel, Monte Carlo''] asking ow £50 for a few weeks (!)	
	(220) do. Scareham, H. would know object, for wh loan is and security offered.	like to asked,
	(221) Ap. 3. Wilkins & Co. vious letter, now before me, undertook to supply one for decling to pay more.	vou
23514 218 228	(222) do. <i>Cheetham & Sharp</i> . written 221—enclosing previoter—is law on my side?	have us let-
G.N. dressed	Ap. 4. Manager, Goods Statn, R. White Elephant arrived, adto you—send for it at once—savage.'	226

29225	/90.	
217	(225) Ap. 4. (F) Jones, Mrs. the but no room for it at present, aming it to Zoological Gardens.	anks, send-
	(226) do. Manager, Goods Sta N.R. please deliver, to bearer note, case containg White Ele- addressed to me.	
223	(227) do. <i>Director Zool. Garde</i> closing above note to R.W. Ma call for valuable animal, prese Gardens.	ns. (en- nager) nted to
(228) misquot is £18	Ap. 8. <i>Cheetham & Sharp</i> . you e enclosed letter, limit named o.	222
(229) case de Port— quet —	Ap. 9. Director, Zoo. Gardens. livered to us contained 1 doz. consumed at Directors' Banmany thanks.	230
225 ⊙	(230) do. T Jones, Mrs. why doz. of Port a 'White Elephant'?	call a
(231) joke.'	do. T Jones, Mrs. 'it was a	0

29233	/90.	
242	(233) Ap. 10. (Th) Page & Co. Macaulay's Essays and "Jane (cheap edtn).	orderg Eyre"
(234) 2 or 3	do. Aunt Jemima—invitg for days after the 15th.	236
(235) recevd & Co.	do. Lon. and West. Bk. have £250, pd to yr Acct fm Parkins Calcutta. [en	
234 239	(236) do. <i>Aunt Jemima</i> —can possibly come this month, will when able.	not write [
228 240	(237) Ap. 11. Cheetham and turn letter enclosed to you.	Co. re-
245	(238) do. <i>Morton</i> , <i>Philip</i> . Co lend me Browning's "Dramati sonæ" for a day or 2?	uld you s Per-
(239) ing hou "136,	Ap. 14. Aunt Jemima, leav- se at end of month: address Royal Avenue, Bath."	236
(240) returng	Ap. 15. Cheetham and Co., letter as reqd, bill 6/6/8.	237 244

29242	/90.	
(242) for boo	Ap. 15. (Tu) Page & Co. bill ks, as ordered, 15/6	233
(243)	do. ¶ do. books	247
240 248	(244) do. <i>Cheetham and Co.</i> c derstand the 6/8—what is £6	an un- for?
(245) matis	Ap. 17. ¶ Morton, P. "Dra- Personæ," as asked for. [retd	238 249
22I 250	(246) do. <i>Wilkins and Co.</i> w bill, 175/10/6, and ch. for do.	ith [en
243	(247) do. <i>Page and Co.</i> bill, postal 1107258 for 15/- and	15/6, 6 stps.
(248) was a	Ap. 18. Cheetham and Co. it "clerical error" (!)	244
245	(249) Ap. 19. Morton, P. retu Browning with many thanks.	rng
(250) bill.	do. Wilkins and Co. receptd	246

I begin each page by putting, at the top left-hand corner, the next entry-number I am going to use, in full (the last 3 digits of each entry-number are enough afterwards); and I put the date of the year, at the top, in the centre.

I begin each entry with the last 3 digits of the entrynumber, enclosed in an oval (this is difficult to reproduce in print, so I have put round-parentheses here). Then, for the *first* entry in each page, I put the day of the month and the day of the week: afterwards, 'do.' is enough for the month-day, till it changes: I do not repeat the week-day.

Next, if the entry is *not* a letter, I put a symbol for 'parcel' (see Nos. 243, 245) or 'telegram' (see Nos. 230, 231) as the case may be.

Next, the name of the person, underlined (indicated here by italics).

If an entry needs special further attention, I put [at the end: and, when it has been attended to, I fill in the appropriate symbol, e.g. in No. 218, it showed that the bill had to be paid; in No. 222, that an answer was really needed (the 'x' means 'attended to'); in No. 234, that I owed the old lady a visit; in No. 235, that the item had to be entered in my account book; in No. 236, that I must not forget to write; in No. 239, that the address had to be entered in my address-book; in No. 245, that the book had to be returned.

I give each entry the space of 2 lines, whether it fills them or not, in order to have room for references. And, at the foot of each page I leave 2 or 3 lines blank (often useful afterwards for entering omitted Letters) and miss one or 2 numbers before I begin the next page.

At any odd moments of leisure, I 'make up' the entry-book, in various ways, as follows:—

- (1) I draw a second line, at the right-hand end of the 'received' entries, and at the left-hand end of the 'sent' entries. This I usually do pretty well 'up to date.' In my Register the first line is red, the second blue: here I distinguish them by making the first thin, and the second thick.
- (2) Beginning with the last entry, and going backwards, I read over the names till I recognise one as having occurred already: I then link the two entries together, by giving the one, that comes first in chronological order, a 'foot-reference' (see Nos. 217, 225). I do not keep this "up-to-date," but leave it till there are 4 or 5 pages to be done. I work back till I come among entries that are all supplied with 'foot-references,' when I once more glance through the last few pages, to see if there are any entries not yet supplied with head-references: their predecessors may need a special search. If an entry is connected, in subject, with another under a different name, I link them by crossreferences, distinguished from the head- and footreferences by being written further from the marginal line (see No. 229). When 2 consecutive entries have the same name, and are both of the same kind (i.e. both 'received' or both 'sent') I bracket them (see Nos. 242, 243); if of different kinds, I link them with the symbol used for Nos. 219, 220.
- (3) Beginning at the earliest entry not yet done with, and going forwards, I cross out every entry that has got a head- and foot-reference, and is done with, by continuing the extra line *through* it (see Nos. 221, 223, 225). Thus, wherever a *break* occurs in this

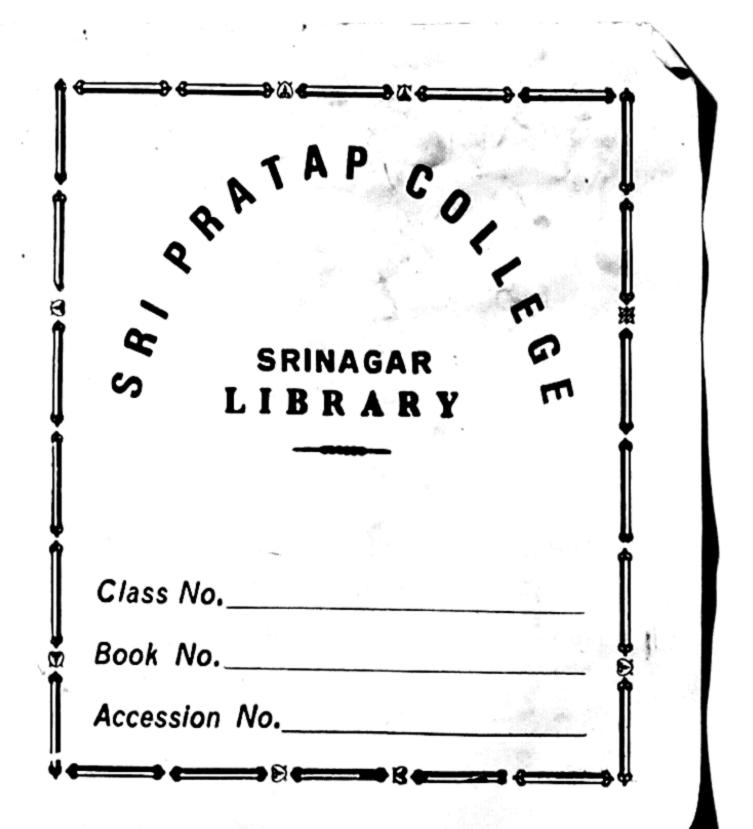
extra line, it shows there is some matter still needing attention. I do not keep this anything like 'up-to-date,' but leave it till there are 30 or 40 pages to look through at a time. When the first page in the volume is thus completely crossed out, I put a mark at the foot of the page to indicate this; and so with pages 2, 3, &c. Hence, whenever I do this part of the 'making up,' I need not begin at the beginning of the volume, but only at the earliest page that has not got this mark.

All this looks very complicated, when stated at full length: but you will find it perfectly simple, when you have had a little practice, and will come to regard the 'making-up' as a pleasant occupation for a rainy day, or at any time that you feel disinclined for more severe mental work. In the Game of Whist, Hoyle gives us one golden Rule, "When in doubt, win the trick"—I find that Rule admirable for real life: when in doubt what to do, I 'make-up' my Letter-Register!

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